



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

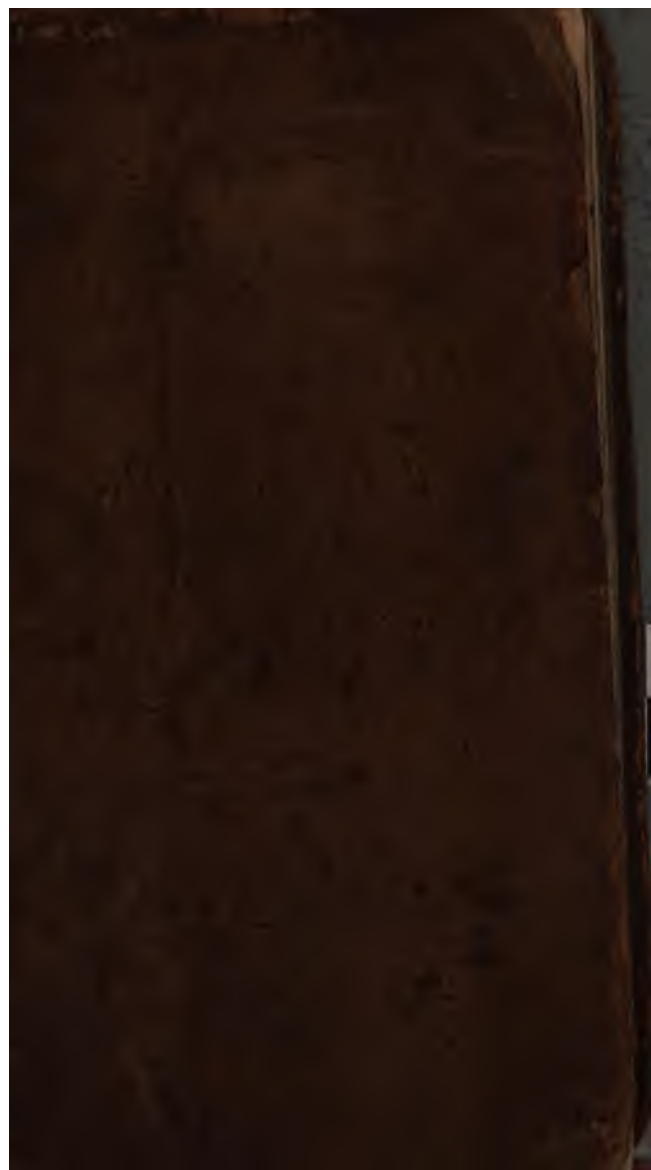
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

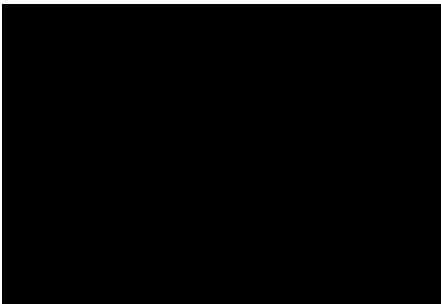
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

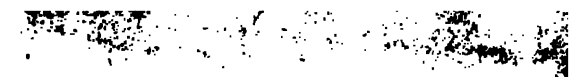




OK

270 g. b27







A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

MR YORICK.

1835

LONDON:

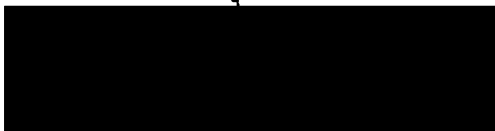
PRINTED FOR JOHN TAYLOR.

M.DCC.XC.

270

A

627.



A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

—**T**HEY order, said I, this matter better in France—
—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. Strange? quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights. I'll look into them: so giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassée'd chicken, so incon-
testibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the * *droits d'aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of

A 2

silk

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized, by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the spot—the profits of these contingencies being farm'd, there is *no profit*.

filk breeches—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the king of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast—by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions.

C A L A I S.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—said I,—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way!

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and, holding it airily and uncompres'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with. In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life perform'd it with so

Physical precieuse in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.—

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself—

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I——what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's port-manteau of me!

THE MONK.

GALAIS.

I HAD scarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed; wherein there was so much of both.


—But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse in my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure *this moment* before my eyes, and think there was *that in it* which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty——Truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure, but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole



THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—**T**IS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a light glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them, by preying upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully would it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other peoples, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shew'd none—but, letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I consider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling thro' France and Italy without a chaise—and nature generally prompting us to the thing *we are fittest for*, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to *buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose*: an
Desoblige

Desobligeant in the farthest corner of the court hit my
 ney at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding
 in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the
 waiter to call Monsieur Dessein the master of the hotel
 -but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not
 ring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the oppo-
 site side of the court, in conference with a lady just ar-
 rived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us,
 and being determined to write my journey, I took out my
 pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

P R E F A C E

IN THE *DES O B L I G E A N T*.

'T must have been observed by many a peripatetic
 philosopher, That Nature has set up, by her own
 unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences
 to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected
 her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by lay-
 ing him under almost insuperable obligations to work
 at his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It

is there only that she has provided him with the most
 desirable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a
 part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages,
 is ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis
 true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spread-
 ing our happiness sometimes beyond her limits, but 'tis
 ordered, that from the want of languages, connec-
 tions and dependencies, and from the difference in edu-
 cation, customs and habits, we lie under so many impe-
 diments in communicating our sensations out of our own
 sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of
 sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated
 adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for,
 at

* A chaise, so called in France, from its holding but one person.

at their own price——his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large discount——and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party——

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final causes of travelling——

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for some reason or reasons, which may be derived from one of these general causes——

Infirmity of body,
Imbecillity of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity or spleen, subdivided and combined in *infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the Clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magistrate—or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary in a work of this nature to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money, for various reasons, and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble, by saving their money at home——and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus,

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be reduced the following *Heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers,

Then follow the Travellers of Necessity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please)

The Sentimental Traveller,

meaning thereby myself) who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account—as much out of *Necessity* and the *besson de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself—but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain Traveller*, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one step towards knowing himself; as it is great odds, but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but we doubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous

quor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynbeer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety to run to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge, or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many times cost me, when I have observed how many a foolish step the inquisitive Traveller has measured, to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Panza said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pass by nothing—But there is no nation under heaven—as God is my record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not *speak it vauntingly*—But there is no nation under heaven, abounding with more variety of learning—where

won, than here—where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?

—We are only looking at this chaise, said they—Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*—what could occasion its motion—'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant*.—It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis-a-Vis*.

—As an *Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen*, I retired to my room.

G A L A I S.

I PERCEIVED that something darken'd the passage more than myself as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant*; and Mons. Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour, to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vamt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it—but *nothing might*—and when a few words will rescue

holding her hand almost without knowing it; so Mons. Dessen left us together, with her hand in mine and with our faces turned towards the door of the mise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn off the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Mons. Dessen's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation—the infallibly turned about—so I began the conversation instantly—

—but what were the temptations, (as I write no apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this town but to give an account of them)---shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Defobligeant*, because I saw a monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Jealousy crossed my brain, and said, he was telling what had passed; something jarred upon it within me. I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding saves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain I was of a better order of beings—however, I thought more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, showed, I thought, her good educa-

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

[T must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Monsieur *Dessein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident—I looked at Monsieur *Dessein*, through and through—cy'd him as he walk'd along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—curst him by my gods—wished him at the devil—

——And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four *louis d'ors*, which is the most I can be over-reached in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee—Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk—she had followed us unperceived—Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own—she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve—and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur *Dessein* had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it open'd, and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued

THE REMISE DOOR.

CA LAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from distant corners of the globe, and, in one moment, to place them together in such a cordial situation as Fortune herself could scarce have achieved for them, and to project it for a month.

—And your reflection upon it, shows how Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the advice.

When the situation is what we should wish, is it so ill timed as to hint at the circumstances which have produced it: you thank Fortune, continued she—you are sensible—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; but an English philosopher would have sent me to the brain, to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with which I thought a sufficient commentary upon it.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to draw of the weakness of my heart, by owning, that it was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor salt to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepskin so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are in these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish

forthwith began to model a different conversation the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of , that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon seeing her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muscles relax'd, and I held the same unprotected look of distress which first drew me to her*interest—melancholy! to see such ghastliness the prey of sorrow. I pitied her from my ; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a cold heart—I could have taken her into my arms, cherished her, though it was in the open street, with-blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing hers, told her what was passing within me: she laid down—a silence of some moments followed.

Fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as she was going to withdraw hers—but as if she thought of it—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, but not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in manner as if I was every moment going to release it, myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessein turned with the key; and, in the mean-time, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a word

world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor man blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly. I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel, to analyse—Excuse me, Madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impossible, said the lady. My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it: We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and, as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of
my

my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandon'd the sword and sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn bob, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and I had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffer'd a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now, the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we must be man and wife, at least;

A little French *debonsaire* captain, who came down the street, showed me it was the easiest thing in the world; for, popping in betwixt us, just as she was returning back to the door of the Remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and, before he well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady—I had not been presenting myself—so turning about to her, he did it just as we asked her if she had come from Paris?—No: she going that route, she said.—*Vous n'etes pas de Lons*—She was not, she replied.—Then Madame must come thro' Flanders—*Apparemment vous etez Flamme* said the French captain.—The lady answered she—*Peutetre, de Lisle?* added he—She said she was not Lisle.—Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—Brussels? She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war—that it was finely situated *pour cela*—and full of noblesse when the Imperialists driven out by the French—(the lady made a slight cough)—so giving her an account of the affair, and of his share he had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son Mari?*—said he, looking when he had made two steps—and, without staying for an answer—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good behaviour, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monsieur D. came up with the key of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Monsieur Desein open'd the door of the Remise, was another

r'd *Desobligeant*: and notwithstanding it was the exact
 ire of that which had hit my fancy so much in the
 b-yard But an hour before—the very sight of it
 d up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and
 ought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea
 l first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had
 ich more charity for the man who could think of
 ; it.

observed the lady was as little taken with it as my-
 so Mons. Dessen led us on to a couple of chaises
 h stood abreast; telling us, as he recommended them,
 they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to
 ie *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, so
 in all respects as good as new—They were too good

I pass'd on to a third, which stood behind, and
 with began to chaffer for the price—But 'twill scarce
 two, said I, opening the door and getting in—Have
 oodness, Madam, said Mons. Dessen, offering his
 to step in—The lady hesitated half a second, and
 'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak
 onf. Dessen, he shut the door of the chaise upon us,
 est us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

GALAIS.

'*ST bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady smi-
 ing, from the reflection that this was the second time
 ad been left together by a parcel of nonsensical con-
 ncies—*c'est bien comique*, said she—

There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the
 use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put
 -to make love the first moment, and an offer of his
 the second,

s their *fort*, replied the lady.

i supposed so at least—and how it has come to

G.

pass

pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments*!

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants:—and to do it—pop—at first sight by declaration—is submitting the offer, and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers—

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake—

That selfish people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frighten'd than hurt by the very *report*—

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood,—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind—

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR Dessen came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, the Count de —, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. As I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot but rejoice in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her so—for it is fatal to a proposal, as I said I, that I was going to make to you—you need not tell me what the proposal was, saying, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted—A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kind—make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of the moments before—

Heure arms her with it, said I, for immediate precision—But I think, said she, looking in my face, no evil to apprehend—and, to deal frankly with me, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she said a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made the only dangerous thing in the journey. Saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, with a look of sensibility, mixed with a concern, and got out of the chaise—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

EVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expectantly in my life: my time seemed heavy upon me for the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be so, till I put myself into motion—I ordered my horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, an recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais——

—What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on.——

——If this won't turn out something——another will——no matter——'tis an essay upon human nature——I get my labour for my pains——'tis enough——the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood, awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerseba* and cry, 'Tis all barren——and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerfully together, that, was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections——If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to——I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection——I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris——from Paris to Rome——and so on——but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted——He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account

cock-pit *, said he—I wish you had said nothing of the Venus of Medicis, replied I—for, in passing Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the *Is*, and used her worse than a common strumpet, up the least provocation in nature.

opp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his room; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he to tell, “wherein he spoke of moving accidents by d and field, and of the cannibals which each other : the Anthropophagi”—he had been stay'd alive, edevil'd, and used worse than St Bartholomew, at stage he had come at——

—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You etter tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from *s* to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to *en*, to Berlin, without one generous connection or irable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ht on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left Love or Fity should seduce him out of his

ace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven, was it possible to get there with such tempers, I want objects to give it—every gentle spirit would flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival. Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of and fresh congratulations of their common felicity heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculty for this work; and, was the happiest mansion in *en* to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, would be so far from being happy, that the souls Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there: eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind a chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to it on, without being able to find out what was wanted. Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred me, that that was the very thing.

A servant! that I do most sadly, quoth I——Becaus Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman——But why an English one, more than any other?——They are so generous, said the landlord——I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he,——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I——It was but last night said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre*——*Tant pis, pour Mad. Janaton* said I.

Now, Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*——but, *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he when there is any thing to be got——*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said *Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis*, and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our ambassador's table demanded of Mr H——, if he was H—— the poet? I said H—— mildly——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H--- the historian, said another---*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis. And Mr H---, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of---saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing---Monsieur as the best judge what would suit him; but for the felicity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon---and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account---and is more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case---and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every dissent I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first---and then began to inquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, both I, as I want them---besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now, poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world: He could not beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the flute. I was determined to make his talents do; and
can't.

can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no farther track of glory to him—he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*—that is to say, upon nothing.

-----And so, quoth *Wisdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours thro' France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of your gentry go with a *hum-drum compaignon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match-----he is not ill off-----But you can do something else, La Fleur! said I-----*O qu'oui!*-----he could make spatterdashies and play a little upon the fiddle-----Bravo! said *Wisdome*-----Why, I play a bass myself, said I-----We *shall* do very well-----You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?-----He had all the dispositions in the world-----It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him-----and ought to be enough for me-----So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other-----I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, interest the reader a little farther in his behalf, saying, that I had never less reason to repent of pulchres which generally do determine me, than I did to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul, as ever trudged after the heels of a piper; and notwithstanding his talents of drumming and spatterdash-making, which, though very useful to themselves, happen'd to be of no great service to me yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his pipe—it supplied all defects—I had a confidence in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for, whether 'twas hunger, or thirst, or cold, or nakedness, or rags, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which I now and then puts it into my head I am—it mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting on what I owe to the complexional philosophy of this fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. All this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb in it he seem'd at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seem'd to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing thro' the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardon from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love:"—I am heartily glad of it, said I—'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die; being firmly persuaded, that, if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this *interregnum* lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can scarce find in it to give Misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me *there is no sin in it*.

—But

in saying this—surely I am commending the
not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus
trying all the powers of irony and laughter
it, was the vilest and most profligate town in
What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassi-
—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was
there by day——'twas worse by night.
When things were at the worst, it came to pass,
Andromeda of Euripedes being represented at
the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but,
passages which delighted them, nothing opera-
upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes
which the poet had wrought up in that pa-
ech of Perseus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

in almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and
nothing but Perseus his pathetic address——
d! prince of God and men”——In every street
a, in every house——“O Cupid! Cupid!”——
mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet
which drops from it, whether it will or no——
out “Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men”
ire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of
, open'd itself to Love.

armacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore
single armourer had a heart to forge one instru-
leath—Friendship and Virtue met together, and
h other in the street——the golden age return'd,
g over the town of Abdera——every Abderite
aten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her
purple

purple web, and chasteily sat her down and listen'd to
song.

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of
God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth,
even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disposed
and paid for in the inn, unless you are a
four'd by the adventure, there is always a matter
compound at the door, before you can get into y
chaife; and that is with the sons and daughters of
verty who surround you. Let no man say, "let t
go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a
miserables, and they have had sufferings enow with
it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in
hand; and I would counsel every gentle trave
to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in sett
down his motives for giving them—they will be
gister'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little a
do; for few that I know have so little to give: but
this was the first public act of my charity in France
took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in
world, showing them in my hand, and there are eig
poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instant
withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of
circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his pa

n other countries, should find a way to be at this.

assisted upon presenting him with a single sous for his *politesse*.

or little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over a-
ne in the circle, putting something first under
, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box
his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on
les of him: it was a gift of consequence, and
y declined—the poor little fellow press'd it upon
ith a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—prenez*,
looking another way: so they each took a pinch
thy box should ever want one! said I to myself;
t a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch
is box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He
weight of the second obligation more than of
t—'twas doing him an honour—the other was
oing him a charity—and he made me a bow
o the ground for it.

ere! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who
en campaign'd and worn out to death in the ser-
riere's a couple of sous for thee—*Vive le Roi!*
old soldier.

I then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply
mour de Dieu, which was the footing on which it
gg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so
I not be well upon any other motive.

cher et tres charitable Monsieur—There's no op-
this, said I.

Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the mo-
o I gave *my last sous for it*. But in the eager-
giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre bonnetax*, who
one to ask a sous for him, and who I believed
have perish'd ere he could have ask'd one for
: he stood by the chaise a little without the
and wiped a tear from a face which I thought
en better days—Good God! said I—and I have
: *single sous left to give him*—But you have a

D

thousand

thousand! cried all the powers of nature stirring with me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *bon moub*, now—and was ashamed to this how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse*—*Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre bonteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wipe his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDEET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career—his *bidet* would not pass by it—a contention arose between them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his *bide* beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet
 he?—*Monfieur* said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opi-*
du monde—Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he
 go his own way, replied I—to La Fleur got off
 and giving him a good sound lath, the bidet took
 my word, and away he scamper'd back to *Mon-*
-Peste! said La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho'
 he availed himself but of two different terms of
 cation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and
 that there are nevertheless three, in the French
 age; like the positive, comparative, and superla-
 one or the other of which serve for every unex-
 throw of the dice in life.

Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is
 ally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind,
 small things only fall out contrary to your ex-
 ions—such as—the throwing once doublets—La
 s being kick'd off his horse, and so forth—cuck-
 , for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable!*

in cases where the cast has something provoking
 as in that of the bidet's running away after, and
 g La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second

is then *Peste!*
 d for the third—

here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feel-
 when I reflect what miseries must have been their
 and how bitterly so refined a people must have
 ed, to have forced them upon the use of it.

unt me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with
 ence in distress!—whatever is my cast, grant me
 scent words to exclaim in, and I will give my na-
 ray.

as these were not to be had in France, I resolved
 e every evil just as it befel me, without any ex-
 tion at all.

Fleur, who had made no such covenant with
D 2 *himself.*

himself, followed the bidet with his eyes, till it got out of sight—and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse jack-boots, there remained no alternative, but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour, we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of the crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were

had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleas'd Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offer'd him money.—The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time, the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now that he is dead; I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we but love each other, as this poor soul loved his ass—'twould be something.—

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pave* in full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Aral could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentations, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—said I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myself, for being

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me—

—Then, prithee get on—get on, my good fellow, said I.

be go, said I, with it all! Here am I fit-
dly disposed to make the best of the worst,
was, and all runs counter.

ne sweet lenitive at least for evils, which
out to us; so I took it kindly at her hands,
; and the first word which roused me was

ne! said I, rubbing my eyes—this is
where my poor lady is to come.

A M I E N S.

ls were scarce out of my mouth, when the
de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it,
by: she had just time to make me a bow
—and of that particular kind of it which
had not yet done with me. She was as
book; for, before I had quite finished my
other's servant came into the room with a
ch, he said, she had taken the liberty to
th a letter, which I was to present myself
*** the first morning I had nothing to do
ere was only added, she was sorry, but
merchant she had not considered, that she
vented telling me her story—that she
ne; and if my route should ever lie through
I had not by then forgot the name of
—that Madame de L would be
rge her obligation.

I meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels
returning from Italy thro' Germany to
the route of Flanders, home---t'will scarce
out of my way, but were it ten thousand!
moral delight will it crown my journey, in
sickenjng incidents of a tale of misery
y such a sufferer! to see her weep! and
not dry up the fountain of her tears, what

an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping away from off the cheeks of the first and fair women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in hand in silence the whole night beside her.

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; as I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitter and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one singular blessings of my life, to be almost every day it miserably in love with some one; and my last happening, to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months——swearing as I did it, that it should last me till the whole journey——Why should I dissemble then? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity——she had a to my whole heart——to divide my affections was to sen them——to expose them, was to risk where there is risk, there may be loss:—and wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart of trust and confidence—so good, so gentle and prouching!

—I will not go to Brussels, replied I, inter myself—but my imagination went on——I remember her looks at that crisis of our separation, when one of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the she had tied in a black ribband about my neck bluish'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the to have kiss'd it—but was ashamed. And the tender flower, said I, pressing it between my lips shall it be smitten to its very root——and to Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offer'd to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant's coming with the letter being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in showing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing: I suppose, there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty,
he

he had loaden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L*** on the part of his master——added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health——told her, that Monsieur his master was *au deffespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey——and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour——And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour——and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis a vis d'une femme!* so that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter——*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur: so, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right——then contrariwise——*Diable!*——then sought every pocket——pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob——*Peste!*——then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor——pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief—a comb—whip-lash—a night-cap——then gave a peep into his hat——*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge——he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was: and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to re-

myself could not have been angry: 'twas but the zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; never he might have mistook the road—or misled me in so doing—his heart was in no fault was under no necessity to write—and, what more than all—he did not look as if he had misgivings.

'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I.—'Twas too late. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, arm'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; sitting up to the table, laid them close before me, with a delight in his countenance, that I could not resist picking up the pen.

I began and begun again; and though I had nothing to say and that nothing might have been express'd in a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings and could no way please myself.

But I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepped out and brought a little water in a tumbler to dilute my ink—then fetch'd sand and seal-wax all in one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and began and wrote again—*Le Diable l'emporte!* said I to myself—I cannot write this self-same letter; I threw the pen down despairingly as I said it.

Soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with a most respectful carriage up to the table, saying a thousand apologies for the liberty he was about to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's rank, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

It was a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour, I said, prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad confusion, and laying it upon the table, and then unloos'd the string which held them altogether, run them off by one, till he came to the letter in question. *Voilà!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding,

it first, he laid it before me, and retired thro' from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis penetre de la douleur la plus vive, & en meme temps au desespoir par ce retour vu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie ! et toute la mienne sera de a vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte Mercredi : alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour ! et vive la bagat

Je suis, MADAME,

Avec toutes les sentiments
respectueux et les plus
tout a vous,

JAQUES

It was but changing the Corporal into the (and saying nothing about mounting guard on day—and the letter was neither right or wrong gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for honour, his own, and the honour of his letter—I

P A R I S.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry all floundering before him th half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis ry well in such a place as Paris—he may drive in at hich end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose hole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best sit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if : can get up into it—I say, *up into it*—for there is no descending perpendicular among't 'em with a "*Me ici! mes enfans*"—here I am—whatever many may ink.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were r from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black at, and, looking thro' the glass, saw all the world in flow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which d lost their vizards—the young in armour bright which ne like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of : ea?—all—all tilting at it like fascinated knights in rnaments of yore for fame and love—

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing e? On the very first onset of all this glittering elation thou art reduced to an atom—seek—seek—some ding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where riot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays—there thou st solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind et of a barber's wife, and get into such coterics!

—May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out the let- which I had to present to Madame de R**,—"All t upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I

E

called

called La Fleur to go seek me a barber come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely have any thing to do with my either above or below his art : I had nothing to take one ready made of his own recommendation.—But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the it will stand—

What a great scale is every thing upon thought I—the utmost stretch of an Eng maker's ideas could have gone no farther. “dipped it into a pail of water.”—What d like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions puny ideas which engender them ; and am struck with the great works of nature, that part, if I could help it, I never would make son less than a mountain at least. All the against the French sublime in this instance—that the grandeur is *more* in the *we* in the *thing*. No doubt, the ocean fills the vast ideas ; but Paris being so far in land likely I should run post a hundred miles on the experiment—the Parisian barber means

The pail of water standing beside the makes certainly but a sorry figure in green

the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiae*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to choose amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account: so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *opera comique*:

—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair, on the far side of the shop facing the door——

—*Trees volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a

movement, and so cheertul a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to show you—

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every title of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—*Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm

to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that street, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend to the place.—So I walk'd in with her to the far end of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand, she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, and sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly myself down beside her.

He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment.—And in that moment, replied I, most willingly I say something very civil to you for all these necessities. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the character; and certainly, added I, if it is in the blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremities (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world.—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, applied the two fore fingers of my other to the ar-

—Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, in my lack-a-day-fical manner, counting the throbs one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my profession!—and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on.—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world than *feeling a woman's pulse*.”—But a Grisset's! wouldst thou have said—and in an open shop!—

—So much the better; for when my views are directed to Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas nobody but her husband, she said——so I began a fresh score——Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honour——and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out——and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

right, like so many rough pebbles shoo long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—*Monsieur le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot—

—Surely—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, *Monsieur*? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—*A propos*, said I; I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her; they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seem'd to be the least—She held it open,—my hand slipp'd into it at once—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the instructor. I leave it to
your

your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do so, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful Griffet look'd sometimes at the gloves then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I follow'd her example; so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange but I could actually feel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pair next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Griffet had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sou* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome—so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

HERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are tainted by a profession which makes bad men worse ; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation, by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of Veterans ; and so I strode over the two black rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet ; it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took the spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, turned them and the book into his pocket together. I then rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this :

“ Here’s a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—’tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud ; and if he had, I should, in course, have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, “ I was sensible of his attention, and return’d him a thousand thanks for it.”

There

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short band*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London I go translating all the way; and have more than one stood behind the circle, where not three words had been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert in Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F**** was coming out in a sort of hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get on. I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again. We both flew together to the other side, and then both—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd tolerably; so I did, at last, the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—she look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-way, as if she would make room for any one coming up straight to pass her—No, said I—that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her: and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her wait. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chicane* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so

down the stairs, stopping at every third step to the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, he, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six efforts to let you go out—And I made six replied she, to let you enter—I wish to Heaven I could make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, he, making room—Life is too short to be long about us of it—so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me with her—And what became of the concert—Cecilia, who I suppose was at it, knows more

I only add, that the connection which arose out of translation, gave me more pleasure than any one else could have made in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I never heard the remark made by any one in life, except by one; and who that was, will prove out in this chapter; so that being pretty unprejudiced, there must have been grounds for truck me the moment I cast my eyes over the scene—and that was, the unaccountable sport of Nature forming such numbers of dwarfs—No doubt, there are at certain times in almost every corner of the city; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusement—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is

I carried my idea out of the *opéra comique* with measured every body I saw walking in the streets—Melancholy application! especially where the size is extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes—the nose long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to see so many miseries by force of accidents, thrust out of their own proper class into the very verge of another

another, which it gives me pain to write down— every third man a pigmy!— some by rickety heads and hump backs—others by bandy legs—a third set arrested by the hand of nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple trees; from the first rudiments and flamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a splenetic one, to want of air—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seven stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoise* eat and sleep together; but I remember Mr Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, said he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tenderest care, and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said.

Id, said I; some good body will do as much for me, as I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my cics, who have neither size nor strength to get on in world—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; I had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing open under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this helpless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent man, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been cecid at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my ink's little horn box.—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *endure and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with

an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue, with his knife—The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury, sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box, to have redressed it—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinal, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress—the centinal made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

—In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth

; it was some poor Abbe in one of the upper boxes, he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind the curtains, in order to see the opera; and that spying him, were insisting upon his holding hands during the representation.—And proposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick pockets? The old French officer smiled, and in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge and new ideas of—

! said I, turning pale with astonishment and indignation, that a people so smit with sentiment, and so much the same time be so unclean, and so unlike *Quelle Grossièreté!* added I.

The officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm, which had begun in the theatre about *Tartuffe* was given in it, by *Moliere*—but, the manners of Gothic manners, was declining—, continued he, have their refinements and which they take the lead, and lose it of by turns—that he had been in most of the world, and never in one where he found not some of the vices which others seemed to want: *Le bien, et le mal, se trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, good and bad every where; and nothing but the good; it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other; the advantage of travel, as it regarded the mind, was by seeing a great deal both of men and things; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual respect, concluded he, making me a bow, taught me to be polite.

The French officer delivered this with an air of candour and good sense, as coincided with my first impressions of his character—I thought I loved him; but I fear I mistook the object—'twas my own thinking—the difference was, I could not feel it half so well.

It was troublesome to both the rider and his beast.

—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, the way at every object which he never have as little torment of this kind as any and yet I honestly confess, that many a pain, and that I blush'd at many a word—which I found inconsequent and perfect second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an about six weeks with her, had done me take me in her coach about two leagues—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet correct; and I never wish to see one of purity of heart—In our return back, M. bouliet desired me to pull the cord—I wanted any thing—*Rien que pour piffer* de Rambouliet—

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let M. bouliet p—fs on—And, ye fair myst each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter the—for Madame de Rambouliet did no Madame de Rambouliet out of the co been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, served at her fountain with a more respe

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY
MR. YORICK.

VOL. III.

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

OF

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

OF THE

OF THE

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head—and but bringing in Hamlet, and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works, I stopped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world—*Comment!* said I, taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B——.

—And

—And does the Count de B——, said I, read Shakespeare? *C'est un Esprit fort*; replied the bookseller. He loves English books, and, what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak it civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis-d'or or two at your shop——bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some fashionable woman of fashion, came into the shop, and asked *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little Italian purse, run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to say, she and I staid in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said I, *The wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you are in love? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithful shepherd has made it ache, can'st thou ever be so.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.——No reason, said I——for if it is a good one, 'tis a thing that should be stolen: it is a little treasure to thee, and a better air to your face than if it was dressed out in pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention.

inkings where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you will remember it—so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En verite, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so, notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off; and, before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again—she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear in your face—and foul betral the man who ever lays a snare in its!

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hotel de Modene? she told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegault, which was the next turn—Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegault, said I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil—and said, she wished the hotel de Modene was in

the

the Rue de St Pierre——You live there? said I——told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R... Good God! said I, it is the very lady for whom I brought a letter from Amiens——The girl told me Madame R..., she believed, expected a stranger letter, and was impatient to see him——so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R... say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de I whilst this passed——We then stopped a moment she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more modestly than carrying them in her hand——were two volumes; so I held the second for her, she put the first into her pocket; and then she he pocket, and I put in the other after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our fates are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step the girl put her hand within my arm——I was just to take it——but she did it of herself, with that undeliberate simplicity, which showed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt a conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness. Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue Guenegault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good: the girl would thank me again for my compassionate kindness——She bid me adieu twice——I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that, had it happened any where else, I am not sure I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the man and the woman, I did, what amounted to the same thing——I blessed her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant—The duce take it, said I—I know. It is time the reader should know it; for, of things in which it happened, it was omitted that it was out of my head, but that, had I seen, it might have been forgot now—and at the time I want it.

I left London with so much precipitation, that it entered my mind that we were at war with France and had reached Dover, and looked through at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea struck itself; and with this in its train, that there was nothing there without a passport. Go but to the streets, I have a mortal aversion for returning to France sooner than I set out; and as this was one of the efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could not get the thoughts of it: so hearing the Count de Montmorency hired the packet, I begged he would take me with him. The Count had some little knowledge of the matter, made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris, I must make my own shift for myself—Let me get to Paris, Monsieur Count, said I—and I shall do very well. So I did, and never thought more of the matter.

La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been waiting after me—the thing instantly recurred—the time La Fleur had well told me, the matter

the hotel came into my room to tell me the thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had particularly asked after: the master of the hotel cluded with saying, He hoped I had one—Not I, said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me from an infected person, as I declared this—and La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and that sort of movement which a good soul makes to cour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as peely, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel—but collecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—If Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood has friends in Paris who can procure him one—that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. Then *certes*, replied he, you will be sent to the Bastille or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul—he will hurt not—*Cela n'empêche pas*, said he—you will certainly be sent to the Bastille to-morrow morning.—But I have kept your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the money in France in the world. La Fleur whispered in my

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL at PARIS.

COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so ca-rierly : and, to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely ; and whilst he waited on me at supper, talked to him with more than usual iety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*—La cur had been there himself, and had followed me rough the streets as far as the bookseller's shop ; but sing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and at we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La cur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step farther so making his own reflections upon it, he took a orter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and ne down to sup himself, I then began to think a little riously about my situation.—

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at e remembrance of a short dialogue which passed be-ixt us the moment I was going to set out—I must tell here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be erburdened with money as thought, had drawn me de, to interrogate me how much I had taken care ; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook head, and said, it would not do ; so pulled out his rse, in order to empty it into mine ;—I have enough, conscience, Eugenius, said I.—Indeed, Yorick, you ve not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy ter than you.—But you do not consider, Eugenius.

said I, refusing his offer, that, before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something either for which I shall get clapped up in the Bastille, or that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence—I beg pardon, said Eugénie dryly: really I had forgot that resource.

Now, the event I treated gaily, came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or perversity—or what is it in me, that, after all, when Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugénie?

—And as for the Bastille! the terror is in the word—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower but another word for a house you cannot get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a-year but, with nine livres a-day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may very well within—at least for a month or six weeks at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conclusion of my reasoning—Beslrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. My mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them—It is true, said I, con-

d not of a man which holds you in it—the evil vases, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out.”—I looked up and saw the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw a starling hung in a little cage—“I can't get out;—I can't get out,” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—“I can't get out,” said the starling—God help thee! said I; but I will let thee go, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage, to get the door; it was twisted, and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting its deliverance, and thrusting his head through the mesh, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—“No,” said the starling—“I can't get out—I can't get out,” said the starling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up stairs, unlaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no

less bitter on that account.—It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change.—no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expect-

od—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed ough his lattice:—His children—

—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was ced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alter- tely his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks re-laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal ys and nights he had passed there—he had one of se little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hope- eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook

head, and went on with his work of affliction. I urd his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep h—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into rs—I could not sustain the picture of confinement ich my fancy had drawn—I started up from my ur, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a re- se, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine the morning.

—I will go directly, said I, myself, to Monsieur Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost s honest fellow a heart-ache—I told him I would go bed by myself—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD to VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the honourable Mr * * * * was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet—and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better than five months his master staid there, he taught it, in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hotel—But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris—the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes

g—Lord L gave him to Lord E—and so on—half and the alphabet—From that rank he passed into the ver house, and passed the hands of as many common—But as all these wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almost as little store set by in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any, by mere chance, have ever seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird is my bird,—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the rest to my arms.—And let the heralds officers twit his neck about, if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason, I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C**** is an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C****'s good graces—This will do—said I—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous sycophant, without taking his measure—Fool! continued I—see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what cha-

acter

rafter is written in it ; take notice in what post-
stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions
his body and limbs—And for the tone—the firmness
which comes from his lips will give it you ; and if you mix
these together, you will compound an address
upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke—
The ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down

Well ! said I, I wish it well over—Coward
as if man to man was not equal throughout the
surface of the globe ; and if in the field—why not
to face in the cabinet too ? And trust me, Yorick
ever it is not so, man is false to himself ; and
his own succours ten times, where nature does
Go to the Duc de C . . . with the Bastile in thy
My life for it thou wilt be sent back to Paris in
hour, with an escort.

I believe so, said I—Then I will go to the Duke
Heaven ! with all the gaiety and debonairness of the
world.

—And there you are wrong again, replied I
heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—
on its centre—Well ! well ! cried I, as the carriage
turned in at the gates—I find I shall do very well
by the time he had wheeled round the court, and
me up to the door, I found myself so much terrified
for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the stairs
like a victim to justice, who was to part with
the topmast,—nor did I mount them with a skilful
couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza !
to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by
a person who possibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*,
more the air of one of the under secretaries, than
me the Duc de C . . . was busy—I am utterly in

slight bow, and told him I had something of importance to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary, towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave, carry up this account to some one—But I must lead you, said I—for what I have to say is of no importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C....—great importance to myself.—*C'est une autre affaire*—replied he—Not at all, said I, to a man of gall—But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can I hope to have *accesse*? In not less than two hours, he, looking at his watch. The number of equines in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation; could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to me with, was for the time as bad as being in the street itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and the coachman drove me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the nearest hotel. I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled up, and ordered the coachman to drive round some principal streets,—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that the streets were full of the first dukes and marquises and counts and nobles.—The Count de B...., of whom the bookseller Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B...., who has so high

high an idea of English books, and English men——a tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time——In truth it was the third: for I had intended that I should have waited for Madame de R.... in the Rue St Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumstances——I cannot govern them; so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale, and told me it was Chevalier de St Louis selling *pates*——It is impossible, said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself, but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribbon he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the basket and seen the *pates* which the chevalier was selling: so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the *remise*——the more I looked at him—his croix and his basket, the stronger they were themselves into my brain——I got out of the *remise* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went halfway up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *pates* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was such a look of *proprete* and neatness throughout that one might have bought his *pates* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood

ent up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *pates* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision—he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a *livre*—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*)—The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene, with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in detending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace: and as his *croix* had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same enquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the King's ear—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred *livres* a-year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of his order, to please myself

myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other, and it is a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their declension, and feel in their turns of adversity and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes—eventually brought the house d'E.... in Brittany. The Marquis d'E.... had fought up against adversity with great firmness; wishing to preserve as much as to the world, some little fragments of what he had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of life.—But he had two boys who looked up to him as their father, and he thought they deserved it. He had tried to open the way—the *mounting* penfiveness—and simple economy was not a measure there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, he was smiting the root for ever of the little trade and affection wished to see re-blossom.—But there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it, and taking an occasion, when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the ancient law of the duchy, which, though scarcely used, he said, was no less in force: he took his side—Here—said he—take it; and I will be your guardians of it, till better times put me in

Marquis and his whole family embarked the next for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty of successful application to business, with some sk'd for bequests from distant branches of his house returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

was an incident of good fortune, which will never be known to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I had been at Rennes at the very time of this solemn reclamation: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

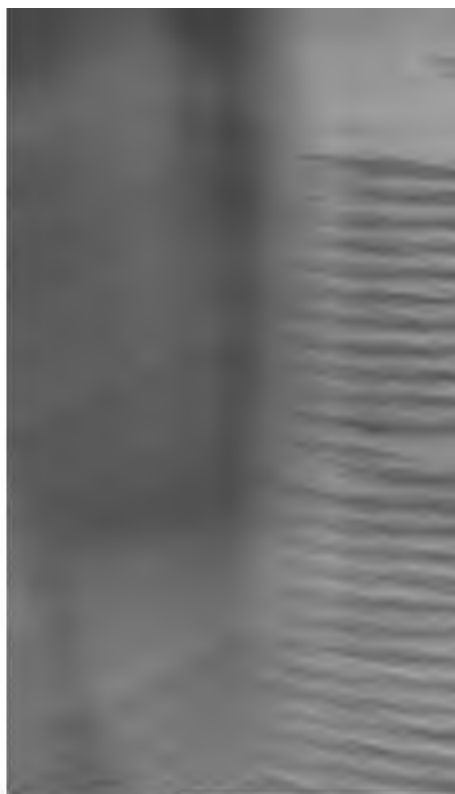
The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported her, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his eyes twice—

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had reached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the chioness to his youngest son, and advancing three

before his family—he reclaimed his sword—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he held it attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when, observing a slight rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down to look at it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived, by what followed.

"I shall find, said he, some other way, to get it off." Then the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two youngest following him, walked out.

How I envied him his feelings!



animated blush came into the Count de B****'s
 as I spoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Do not
 aid he—Indeed I do not, replied I again—be-
 continued I, a little sportingly—I have come
 ng all the way from London to Paris; and I do
 ink Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such an ene-
 mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.
 —My application to you, Monsieur le Count de
 (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not,
 e Count heard me with great good nature, or I had
 id half as much—and once or twice said—*C'est bien*
 So I rested my cause there—and determined to
 o more about it.

e Count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent
 —of books and politics, and men—and then of
 —God bless them all? said I, after much dis-
 : about them—there is not a man upon earth who
 them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have
 and all the satires I have read against them, still
 : them, being firmly persuaded, that a man, who
 t a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is inca-
 of ever loving a single one as he ought.

b bien! *Monsieur l'Anglois*, said the Count, gaily—
 are not come to spy the nakedness of the land—I
 re you—*ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women
 t, permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they
 to your way—that the prospect would not affect

ave something within me which cannot bear the
 of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportabi-
 f chit chat, I have often endeavoured to conquer it;
 with infinite pain, have hazarded a thousand things
 dozen of the sex together—the least of which I could
 enture to a single one, to gain heaven.

cuse me, Monsieur le Compte, said I—as for the
 dness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes
 it with tears in them—and for that of your women,
 hing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so

evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I will, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their heart, and, thro' the different disguises of customs, climate, and religion, find out what is good in them, to falsify my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Comte, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Facade of the Louvre—nor have I attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches—I conceive every fair being a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as fire, which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France lead me through Italy—it is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me on the occasion: and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespear, for making me known to him—but, *à propos*, said he—Shakespear is full of great things—He forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a necessity of doing yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

RE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of myself; and I have often wished I could find a single word—and have an end of it. It was only time and occasion in my life, I could apply this to any purpose—for Shakespear lying upon his back, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up the book and turning immediately to the grave-digger's scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, placing the book to the Count, with my finger pointing over the name—*Me! Voici!* said I, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put into the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by magic he could drop a period of seven or eight years, makes nothing in this account—it is the French conceive better than they combine—nothing at all in this world, and the less at this; as one of the first of our own church, for whose piety and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same—“He could not bear, he said, to look into the mirror written by the king of Denmark's jester.”—My lord! said I—but there are two Yorick's. The first your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Henry's court—the other Yorick is myself, who never flourished my lord, in no court—he shook his head—Good God! said I, you might as well confound the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, —It was all one, he replied—

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I—I am sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B.... fell but into the same error—

—*Et, Monsieur, est-il Yorick?* cried the Count.—*Je le suis,* said I.—*Vous ?*—*Moi—moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte—Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me.—*Vous etes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespear into his pocket—and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B.... had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespear into his pocket—*Mysteries which must explain themselves, and not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up*: it was better to read Shakespear; so taking up, "*Much ado about nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in, to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has

—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of
 of fields than I have of heaven, I force myself,
 neas, into them—I see him meet the penfive
 of his forsaken Dido—and wish to recognize it
 see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off
 from the author of her miseries and dishonours—
 the feelings for myself in hers—and in those as-
 s which were wont to make me mourn for her
 I was at school.

ly this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does
 quiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in
 the issue of his commotions to reason only.—
 safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer
 e single bad sensation in my heart so decisively,
 reating up as fast as I could for some kindly and
 sensation, to fight it upon its own ground.

en I had got to the end of the third-act, the Count
 ... entered, with my passport in his hand. Monf.
 de C..., said the Count, is as good a prophet,
 say, as he is a statesman—*Un homme qui rit,*
 e Duke, *ne fera jamais dangereux.*—Had it been
 y one but the king's jester, added the Count, I
 not have got it these two hours.—*Pardonez moi*
 le Compte, said I—I am not the king's jester—
 u are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaisantez?*—I
 ed, Indeed I did jest—but was not paid for it—
 entirely at my own expence.

have no jester at Court, Monf. le Compte, said I;
 t we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.
 nce which time, our manners have been so gra-
 refining, that our Court at present is so full of pa-
 who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth
 ir country—and our ladies are all so chaste, so
 is, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a
 o make a jest of—

a un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to all lieutenants, governors, and commandants of generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of to let Mr Yorick, the king's jester, and his baggage quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining a passport was not a little tarnished by the figure of it—but there is nothing unmixed in this world: some of the gravest of our divines have carried it as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended with a sigh—and that the greatest *they knew of*, *nated, in a general way*, in little better than a con-

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, verily breaks off in the middle of a note, to give account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the edge of his window, which had incommoded him while he wrote, and at last had entirely taken from his genealogy.

—It is strange! writes Bevoriskius; but the fact is certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them one by one with my pen—but the cocksparrow, in the little time that I could have finished the other of this note, has actually interrupted me with the repetition of his caresses three-and-twenty times and

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is Heaven to its creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy kind should be able to write that to the world which thy face with crimson to copy even in thy study

CHARACTER:

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? said the Count de B . . . , after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that, after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

—*Mais passe, pour cela*—speak frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French, which the world give us the honour of?—I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it—*Vraiment*, said the Count—*les Français sont polis*—To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could, against it—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, *Monf. le Compte*, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the choral, and other calls, have occasioned, by turns, for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want, either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.—The Count de B . . . did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him all together, is empowered to arrive at— If he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than loses them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of—
but,

but, should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to kind actions than courteous ones—we should at least lose the distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from the world besides.

I had a few King William's shillings, as fine as glass, in my pocket; and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far—

See, *Monsi. le Compté*, said I, rising up, and holding them before him upon the table—by jingling at one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart from passing but few peoples hands, preserve the firmness which the fine hand of Nature has given to them; they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, they are so visible, that, at the first look, you see whose and what inscription they bear.—But the French, *le Compté*, added I, wishing to soften what I had said, have so many excellencies, they can the better support—*they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenuous and good-temper'd people as is under heaven—they have a fault—they are too serious.*

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his seat.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breast, and with a gravity assured him, it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said, he was mortified, he could not

have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you support it.—But if you support it, Monf. Anglois, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world at your disposal.—I promised the Count I would do my utmost for the honour of dining with him before I set out for Rome—so I took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman, with a band-box, had been just now in the moment inquiring for me.—I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and as I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down. It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the *ru de Conti* with: Madame de R . . . had sent her on some commissions to a *marchand de modes*, within a few steps of the hotel de Modene; and, as I had been waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had returned to Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door she turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window curtains (which were the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn back—the sun was setting, and reflected through them a warm tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face—I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush, before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half guilty blush, the blood is more in fault than the man—it is impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—call it back, but to make the sensation of it more conscious to the nerves—it is associated—

But I will not describe it—I felt something within me, which was not in strict unison with the son of virtue I had given her the night before—I five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one—a pen up—I laid it down again—my hand trembled the devil was in me.

I know, as well as any one, he is an adversary, if we resist, he will fly from us—but I seldom him at all; from a terror, that, though I may conquer may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up triumph for security; and instead of thinking to master him, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the where I was looking for a card—took up first the card cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: she held it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I did not—I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon—Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.—

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write upon thy lips.—

If I do, said I, I shall perish—so I took her hand and led her to the door, and begged she would forget the lesson I had given her—She said, indeed she would not—and as she uttered it with some earnestness she turned about, and gave me both her hands, together, into mine—it was impossible not to keep them in that situation—I wished to let them go all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it, and still I held them on.—

a place where we were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, for I neither asked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I will just show you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your money. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time—then into the next—"She had lost it."—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold a crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my petticoat—the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little huffive, threaded a small needle, and mended it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manoeuvre, I felt the laurels shake which Fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not for my soul fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

REFERENCES

2002-2003

You can't see the world through the eyes of a child, but you can see it through the eyes of a child who is blind. The world is a place of wonder and mystery, and it is up to us to help our children see it for what it is. We can do this by teaching them to look at the world with a sense of curiosity and wonder. We can help them to see the beauty in the world, and to understand that there is always something new to be discovered. We can help them to see the world through the eyes of a child who is blind, and to understand that the world is a place of wonder and mystery.

It is a very common mistake to think that the only way to get a good result is to use a lot of force. In fact, the best results are often achieved by using a little force and a lot of patience. The key is to be consistent and to keep at it for a long time. If you are not sure if you are doing it right, ask for help. A good teacher or coach can make a big difference. Remember, it is not the amount of force you use, but the consistency and patience that will get you the best results.

...the ... of ...

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was as if a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close piece of music, which had called forth my affections before, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*—remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, gazing at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a subject, which confounded all kind of reasoning upon

was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adult look, passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—Had a small dog under his arm—was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waistcoat and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. As he was pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; I got a sous or two out of my pocket, ready to give as he took me in his turn—he passed by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman—I am much more likely to have given of the two—He was scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat to another who was coming the same way.—An old gentleman came slowly—and, after him a young man.—He let them both pass, and asked nothing: I had observed him half an hour, in which time he

had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first, why the man should *only* tell his story to the second—secondly—what kind of story it was, and what of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpose practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entered into this mystery—the one was, he told every woman he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had more the air of a secret than a petition,—the other, it was always successful—he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE of CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me to provide lodgings elsewhere—How so, friend? said I. He answered, I had had a young woman locked up in my room two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, which was against the rules of his house—Very well, said I, we will all part friends then—for the girl is now free, and I am no worse—and you will be just as I formerly was.—It was enough, he said, to overthrow the case.

é, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I solved to let mine do that night, and that I would charge what I owed him at breakfast.

I should not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if you had twenty girls—It is a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon—Provided, said he, it had been but in a morning—And does the licence of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the sin :—It made a difference, he said, in the moral.—I like a good distinction in my heart ; and I must say I was intolerably out of temper with the man I own it is necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace, and silk stockings, and flues, *et tout cela*,—and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.—O' my conscience, said I, she had one ; but I never looked into it.—Then, *Monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing ?—Not one earthly thing, replied I.—Because, said he, I could recommend you to one who would use you *en conscience*—But I must see her this night, said I.—He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d'hôtel*, cried I—and what then ?—Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then ?—What then !—I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others—I had no good answer left—there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Grisset came in with her box of lace—I will buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The Grisset would show me every thing—I was hard to please : she would not seem to see it ; she opened her little magazine, and laid all her lace one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness—I might buy—not—she would let me have every thing at my own

price—the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and showing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The master of the hotel will share the profit with her—no matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it—So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice, not to him, but myself, having *resolved*, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks,

is, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the rue I entered it.

Neft derogé a noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, king me a bow down to the ground as he said it—*encore*, Monsieur, said he, may change his sentiments—and if (*par bazar*) he should like to amuse himself—I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupt him—

Mon Dieu! said La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get; I could not conceive what it was; and, indeed, I gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity—it is so low a principle of enquiry, in general, I should not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous secret—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's secret; had I had both the Indies, I would have given one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all-night long in my bed, to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in morning, I found my spirits as much troubled with dreams, as ever the king of Babylon had been with; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as these of London, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, morning, with my coffee, and roll and butter, got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new with silver button and loop, and four louis d'or *s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him good for telling me—they looked so fresh, that I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had them new for the fellow, than that they had come of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—though indeed something the worse for the service it had but it was clean scoured—the gold had been rubbed up, and upon the whole was rather showy than wise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire had insisted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of buttons to his breeches knees—He had purchased muslin *bien brodees*, with four livres of his own money—pair of white silk stockings for five more; and, to

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his hand—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind of Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day, as every boy in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis à vis de sa maîtresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis à vis* Madame de R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their tasks and masters—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold—Behold, I am the servant—disarms me at once of the powers of a master—

—Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

—And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, it was a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur le Comte de B****'s—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, somehow or other—but how—Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing

landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and, as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his—the family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that, once a week at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand.—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

ite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it
wn; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I
k it up again; and embroiled my patience with it
esh—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza
—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of un-
rstanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and, after I had enlightened my
nd with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and
er two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as
ep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a
nsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it;
t, to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was
turn it into English, and see how it would look then
-so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, some-
nes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—
id then looking how the world went, out of the win-
ow; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had
me it—I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—NOW, as the notary's wife disputed the point with
e notary with too much heat—I wish, said the notary,
rowing down the parchment, that there was another
tary here, only to set down and attest all this—

—And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she,
sing hastily up—the notary's wife was a little fume
a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a
rricane by a mild reply—I would go, answered he,
bed.—You may go to the devil, answered the no-
y wife.

Now, there happening to be but one bed in the
use, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the
ustom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the
me bed with a woman who had but that moment sent
hi-

the lightest—the longest—the broadest, the
conjoined land and land together upon the face
terraqueous globe—

*By this it seems as if the author of the fragment
not been a Frenchman.*

The worst fault which divines and the doctors
Sorbonne can alledge against it is, that if there is
cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more bl
mously *sacre Dieu*'d there, than in any other ap
of the whole city—and with reason. good and c
Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying
d'eau, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that,
few who crois it with their hats on, not one in fift
bazarads two livres and a half, which is its full wo

The poor notary, just as he was passing by the f
instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, l
raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold
loop of the centinel's hat, hoisted it over the spi
the ballustrade clear into the Seine—

—*It is an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catch
which blows nobody any good.

he poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St Germain, lamented himself, as he walked along, in this manner :

Wretched man that I am ! said the notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the shaft of ill language levelled against me and my property wherever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman—driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, despoiled of my castor by pontific ones—to be left bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head !—miserable man ! what wind in the two-and-twenty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, that does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good !

As the notary was passing on by a dark passage, coming in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to let her run for the next notary—now the notary being next, and availing himself of his situation, walked through the passage to the door, and passing through an old door of a saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, disarranged of every thing but a long military pike—a rusted plate—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung at equal-distant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand in his bed ; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close to the table was placed a chair—the notary sat himself down in it ; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning

his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas ! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath,

K

Which

which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace, I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising from it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it down—it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your house. The notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn—Alas! the director of every event in my life! said the old man, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards heaven—thou whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this vale of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue to speak the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may leave down nought but what is written in that Book whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the notary raised up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his

—It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the old man, which will rouse up every affection in nature, it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of the fiercest with pity—

—The notary was inflamed with a desire to hear more, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn—the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words—

—And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I, just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,
AND THE BOUQUET*.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wound round the stalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevard*—Then, prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *see if thou canst*—There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur—and he flew.

A very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment—*Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of his faithless mistress—she had given his *gage d'amour* of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young mistress—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my consent at the end of it—Our misfortunes were interlarded together—I gave a sigh—and La Fleur handed it back again to my ear—

How perfidious! cried La Fleur—How unlucky!

I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth I, if she had lost it—Nor I, La Fleur, said I, if I had found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to wade into a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, but not fit for an hundred things; but he will not do much good as a sentimental traveller. I count little of the things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large streets—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner, you find a single short scene of hers, worth all the fiction of a dozen French plays compounded together—they are *absolutely* fine—and whenever I have a brilliant affair upon my hands than common, I suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generate my sermon out of them—and for the text—“*Ecce ego et pueri mei misisti in Syria, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphili*”—it is good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out of the *opera comique* into a narrow street; it is trod by those who humbly wait for a *fiacre* *, or wish to get home on foot when the opera is done. At the end of the passage towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get down, but near the door—it is more for ornamental use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude—but does little good to the world, know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern

At the next the door, I thought they had a prior right; I edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in either part of either of them—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, at night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet lence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece to mixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular, that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself—Twelve sous! said one—a twelve-sous piece said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me—Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change—Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change?—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—I will see, said she, if I have a sous.—A sous! give me, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, I had it.

My fair charitable ! said he, addressing himself to the elder—What is it but your goodness and humanity which make your bright eyes so sweet, that they can shine the morning even in this dark passage ? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both, as they just passed by ?

The two ladies seemed much affected ; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor suppliant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity—and, to end the dispute, they both gave together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him : it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the woman before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—was flattery.

Delicious essence ! how refreshing art thou to nature how strongly are all its powers and all its weakness on thy side ! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart !

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, has given it here in a larger dose : it is certain he had way of bringing it into less form for the many sudden causes he had to do with in the streets : but how he

y can best tell the rest, who have gained much matters by it.

PARIS.

'E get forwards in the world not so much by doing services, as receiving them: you take a big twig, and put it in the ground; and then you go, because you have planted it.

M. Le Comte de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, went and did me another, the few days he was at Paris making me known to a few people of rank; they were to present me to others, and so on.

I got master of my *secret*, just in time to turn honours to some little account; otherwise, as is usually the case, I should have dined or supped a time or two round, and then by *translating* French and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had got hold of the *couvert* * of some entertaining guest; and in course should have recalled all my places one after another, merely upon the plea that I could not keep them.—As it was, I did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B——: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since—the Marquis de B—— wished to know what I thought the affair was somewhere else than in Paris. “He could like to take a trip to England,” said much of the English ladies. Stay where you please, beseech you, Monsieur le Marquis, said I—Les Anglois can scarce get a kind look from them as they are.—The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons.

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

Monf. P——, the farmer-general, was juft as fitive about our taxes.—They were very confid he heard—If we knew but how to collect them, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q—an *esprit*—Madame de Q—— was an *esprit* f she burnt with impatience to fee me, and hear n I had not taken my feat before I faw fhe did not fous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in convinced fhe had.—I call Heaven to witnefs I once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V—— vowed to every creature f “She had never had a more improving conv with a man in her life.”

There are three epochas in the empire of a woman—She is coquette—then deift—then *dév* empire during thefe is never loft—fhe only chan fubjects: when thirty-five years and more have pled her dominion of the flaves of love, fhe repe with flaves of infidelity—and then with the f the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the thefe epochas: the colour of the rofe was fadi away—fhe ought to have been a deift five years the time I had the honour to pay my firft vifit.

She placed me upon the fame foфа with her, fake of difputing the point of religion more clofe fhort, Madame de V*** told me, fhe believed i

I told Madame de V***, it might be her pr but I was fure it could not be her intereft to l. outworks, without which I could not conceive, h a citadel as hers could be defended—that th

in to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had exiled in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own arms steals in, and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand—it is too—too soon—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting Madame de V***—She affirmed to Monsieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopaedia had said against it—I was listed directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie*—and she put off the epocha of Deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was showing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too strait about my neck—It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own—but a word, *Monf. Yorick, to the wife*—

—And *from the wife*, *Monf. Le Compte*, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together I was of every man's opinion I met—*Pardi! ce Monf. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres*.—*Il raisonne bien*, said another.—*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a dishonest *reckoning*—I grew ashamed of it—it was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honour revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggary system*—the better the *Coterie*—the more children of Art—I languished for those of Nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people,

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in one shape till now—To travel it through the bonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey—the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance to every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—journey, through each step of which, Music beats to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with raptures flying out, and kindling at every group I met—and every one of them was pregnant with raptures.

Just Heaven!——it would fill up twenty volumes and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of the crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr Shandy met me near Moulins.

The story he had told of that disordered maid, interested me not a little in the reading; but when I got in the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned strong into my mind, that I could not resist an in-

husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before—she had said at first, she added, that it would have plundered the poor girl of what little understanding was left—on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she was crying, was wandering somewhere about the

—Why does my pulse beat languid, as I write this? what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across my eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was leaning with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which crossed her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithful as her master: and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at the dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked at Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her master than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe my eyes away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I took a steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in

in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undefinable emotions within me, I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

M A R I A.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person—a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was much unsettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again; she added, he had himself promised her. As I told me this she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to me to see it; we had folded it up neatly in a piece of vine-leave, tied round with a tendril—on one of the corners, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, dressed as for Rome, and walked round St Peter's once—after she came I back—---that she found her way alone across the Apennines—---had travelled over all Lombardy with money—---and through the stony roads of Savoy without money—---how she had borne it, and how she had been supported, she could not tell—but *God keeps his word*, said Maria, to the thorn lamb.

kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wan-
 rings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—
 when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and
 when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song
 upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be
 ever accepted, for entering heaven along with that of
 a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Ma-
 ria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it
 was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs
 go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry
 it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she
 —it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her for-
 row:—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in
 my face: and then, without saying any thing, took her
 pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.—The
 string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or
 two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and
 rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She
 said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—
 Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the
 string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered
 Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the
 market-place, yet when we got into the middle
 of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell
 of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first
 order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks
 L with

with something that was scarce earthly——still so feminine——and so much was there about her of all the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only* my bread, and drink of my own cup, but Maria lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!——imbibe the wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds——Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, this journey in the vintage, through this part of France, but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my feelings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sit pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

——Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows! thou cheatest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw——and thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN——eternal fountain of our feelings!——it is here I trace thee——and this is “*divinity which stirs within me*”——not that, in some faint and sickening moments, “*my soul shrinks back upon self, and startles at destruction*”——mere pompous words!——but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself——all comes from the

of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the blackest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down on it—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—he bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it—Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walk off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—And happy are the lambs which sport about thee.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Aurica, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as I could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box, being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a stony piece of a road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other

side was a little wood which furnished wherever dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I went to the house—so I left the postillion to manage himself as he could—and for mine, I walked directly to the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of the mouths of all.

They were all sitting down together to their soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it. Joy passed through the stages of the repast—'twas a love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a full cordiality would have me sit down at the table. My heart was set down the moment I entered the room. I sat down at once like a son of the family; and I vest myself in the character as speedily as I could. I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I ate it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of a welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thankfulness. It had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else that made this morsel so sweet—and to what I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate this hour.

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

partment to tie up their hair—and the young
 o the door to wash their faces, and change their
 3 and in three minutes, every soul was ready up-
 ttle esplanade before the house, to begin—The
 an. and his wife came out last, and, placing me
 et them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.
 e old man had some fifty years ago been no mean
 mer upon the *vielle*—and at the age he was
 of, touched well enough for the purpose. His wife
 now and then a little to the tune—then inter-
 l—and joined her old man again, as their children
 randchildren danced before them.

was not till the middle of the second dance, when,
 some pauses in the movement wherein they all
 ed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an ele-
 1 of spirit different from that which is the cause or
 ffect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I
 d *Religion* mixing in the dance—but, as I had ne-
 en her so engaged, I should have looked upon it
 as one of the illusions of an imagination, which is
 ally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon
 e dance ended, said, that this was their constant
 and that all his life long, he had made it a rule,
 supper was over, to call out his family to dance
 rejoice: believing, he said, that a cheerful and
 nted mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven
 in illiterate peasant could pay—

Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

7HEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira,
 you run presently down to Lyons—adieu then
 rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and
 es better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with
 ; so I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time

with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will be envied you by the world, nor will your valour be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy dangers, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, thou hast left to give, either to the scythe or the sickle—but to that little, thou grantest safety and protection! and sweet are the dwellings which it has sheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaint of the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting down the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable and cataracts, which roll down great stones from the summits, and block up his road.—The peasants have been all day at work in removing a fragment of rock between St Michael and Madane; and at last time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted five hours of completing, before a passage could any longer be gained; there was nothing but to wait with patience; it was a wet and tempestuous night; so that, by day, and that together, the Voiturin found himself obliged to take up, five miles short of his stage, at a decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber; got a good fire—ordered supper; and was told that Heaven it was no worse—when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mixing them, as she ushered them in, that there

re were three beds, and but three people—and she (it say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of the bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—so I fired the lady to sit down—pressed her into the warmest seat—called for more wood—desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with a very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I did it for her—and for myself; for in a few minutes, but by her looks and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited this—but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow room for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us—they were fixed moreover near the fire, and the protection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations—if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and with the closet herself, and abandon the bed n to her maid—or that the girl should take th
୭୯. ୭୯

The lady was a Piedmontoise of about thirty glow of health in her cheeks—The maid was oist of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French ever moved.—There were difficulties every the obstacle of the stone in the road, which br into the distress, great as it appeared while the were removing it, was but a pebble to what la way now—I have only to add, that it did not l weight which hung upon our spirits, that we v too delicate to communicate what we felt, other, upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not l generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy c furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till herself had set them at liberty—but the lad a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent c
Edm. St. Aubert's French and English Dictionary

as yet had the honour of being handed down to

were as follow :

As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur d he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the t, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side g up with it.

ted, on the part of Madame ; with a proviso, the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transpa- atton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw hat the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the open- her by corking pins, or needle and thread, in stier as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on of Monsieur.

It is required on the part of Madame, that ur shall lie the whole night through in his *robe bre*.

ted : inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a *robe bre* ; he having nothing in his portmanteau, but s, and a black silk pair of breeches.

mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an en- ange of the article—for the breeches were ac- as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*, and so stipulated and agreed upon that I should lie in my lk breeches all night.

It was insisted upon, and stipulated for, by y, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not me single word the whole night.

ited ; provided Monsieur's saying his prayers not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

re was but one point forgot in this treaty, and as, the manner in which the lady and myself be obliged to undress and get to bed—there e way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader ise ; protesting as I do it, that if it is not the elicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagi—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now,

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both were worn out—O my God! said I—

—You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said I to my lady, who had no more slept than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons—but insisted it was no more than a momentary ejaculation—she maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty—I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the dispute, though she weakened her barrier by it; for the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I, stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration.

—(I was going to have added, that I would not trespass against the remotest idea of decorum in the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were hostilities between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue, had crept silently out of her closet, and in the total darkness, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a little twixt her mistress and me—

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught the *fille de chambre's*—

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

BY
EUGENIUS.

VOL. III.



R E F A C E.

THE following sheets are not presented to the Public as the offspring of Mr e's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this inuation of his *Sentimental Journey*, motives, and upon such authority, as, atters himself, will form a sufficient gy to his readers for its publication. The abrupt manner in which the second ne concluded, seemed forcibly to claim quel; and, doubtless, if the author's had been spared, the world would have ved it from his own hand, as he had rials already prepared. The intimacy h subsisted between Mr Sterne and the or, gave the latter frequent occasion of ing him relate the most remarkable in- ts of the latter part of his last journey, h made such an impresson on him, that nks he has retained them so perfectly, be able to commit them to paper. In g this, he has endeavoured to imitate

M

hi

readers of FORICK'S Sentimental you
will at least be gratified with respect to
events, and observations.

Y O R I C K'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

The CASE of DELICACY completed.

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre's*——
“What?” says the critic.

Hand.

“No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr Yorick,” cries the
insult.

“Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain,” says the priest.

Now, I'll venture my black silk breeches, that have
never been worn, but upon this occasion, against a dozen
of Burgundy, such as we drank last night—for I mean
to lay with the lady—that their worship's are all in the
wrong.

“'Tis scarcely possible, reply these sagacious gentle-
men: the consequence is too obvious to be mistaken.”

Now I think, that if we consider the occasion—not-
withstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French
girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty—if we consider
that she would naturally have turned her front towards

her mistress, by way of covering the breach made by the removal of the corking pins—it would puzzle the geométricians that ever existed, to point out the section my arm must have formed to have caught of the *fille de chambre's*—

But we will allow them the *position*—was it in me? was I apprised of her being so situated? I imagine she would come without covering? *Alas!* is a *flirt only*, upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for nity, as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I met with her *Egaremens du Cœur*, all would have been well. But this loquacious *Lyonnoise* no sooner felt than she screamed like a stuck pig. Had it been a poinard, and had I been making an attempt on her life as well as her virtue, she could not have been more vociferous, *Ab Monseigneur!*—*Ab Madame!*—*seigneur l'Anglois!*—*il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought together the hostess and the two *voiturins*; for as they thought of nothing less than bloodshed was going on, the *voiturins* would not let them remain absent. The hostess, in a tremulous situation, was imploring assistance, whilst she crossed herself with the greatest devotion. The *voiturins* had forgot even their business in the hurry, and therefore had a less claim to decency of appearance than myself; for I had by this time got out of bed, and was standing bolt upright, clothed as a lady, when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had subsided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cause of the outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into her room. To this she made no reply, but had presence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat.

I tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very terrier button upon my black silk breeches; and, by the accident, the other button having slipped its hole, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontoise lady's eye catch the object; and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld that put me more to the blush, though in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tattered list, or even her ladyship's dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery.—It brought back her recollection—she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the security of the corking-pins had been inefficacious for some time, the Piedmontoise lady, being an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the answers of dress as well as address;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric insurmountable. But here comes the *café au lait*, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

At BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when our nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bless me! Madam, recollect yourself; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say

his prayers;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de chambre*, by her extraordinary, and, as yet unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by eternal politeness;—but even here, the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.—I acknowledge the default; but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre*.

Yor. Violent hands, Madam!—I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking pins, naked *fille de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, &c &c &c. So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the Harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection; nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION for the POOR.

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the arched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable! still shalt thou guide my footsteps! With thy help, the se allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspiredst by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon ~~flow~~ of satisfaction at felicity. How then can the temerary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?—No;—naunt ye wayward jaundice spleens!—seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanic ~~ce~~;—assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks.—Reflect, wretch! on the still greater instability of life itself; calculate, caustic, the days thou hast to live—some ten years, or less;—allot the action thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoise might have been more successful—It might so.

My life hath been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by
the

the hand of Fortune, after a whimsical but not ful pattern : the ground is light and cheerful, flowers are so variegated, that scarce any we fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you nius!—Oh, my friend ! I'll be with thee, at tel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rot diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

“ **T**HEN I will meet thee, said I, fair sp
“ Brussels.—’Tis only returning from
“ thro’ Germany to Holland, by the route of Fl
What a conflict between love and friendship !
dame de L.—! the Remise door hath ruin
peace of mind.—The monk’s horn-box rec
every moment to my sight ;—and those eyes
view thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream th
luntarily flows !

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, ca
anxiety, and equally insensible to pleasure and
’tis now : but this is blasphemy against the rel
sentiment, and I will expiate my crime.—
will pay that tribute which is due to friendship,
it cost my affections the toll even of life.

THE CASE of FALSE DELICIA

WHEN I had embraced this resolution,
to think what apology I could politely
the Piedmontoise lady for my abrupt departu

some measure palliate the circumstances; but here is direct violation of our second treaty, that was so religiously ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be considered as culpable for the renewal of a war, or a *definitive treaty of peace*, considering the many foreseen and unexpected events by which the temple Janus may be thrown open!—Whilst I was in this loquy, she entered the room, and told me, that the turins were ready, and the mules harnessed—Eugenius, if a blush be a mark of innate modesty, or me, and not of guilt, I will confess to thee, that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er with the tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue faltered, and refused office.—“Madam, said I, a letter”—and here I stopped. She saw my confusion, but could not account for it.

“We can stay, Sir, till you have wrote your letter.”—My confusion increased;—and it was not till after a pause of some minutes, when I summoned to my aid the powers of resolution and friendship, that I was able to tell her, “I must be the bearer of it myself.”

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a stitious friend to assist thee? What then were thy feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitations of his muscles, the terror or compassion of his eye; or, sinking the under emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with malicious sneer, he asked thee,—“What security?” If, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hopes, and joys; when, having at length marshalled thy resolution to declare thy passion, catching her eyes at the first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy destruction:—then, Eugenius, figure to yourself the beautiful Piedmontoise collecting all her pride and vanity to one focus, with female resentment for their en-
gines.

C'est la politesse Angloise: mais cela ne convient pas des bonnetes gens.

"This is English politeness; but it should not be crested upon decent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fate or what you will, should the incidents of my wayward shades of my canvas, draw upon a wretch such an imputation?

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoise! But gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced the alteration in my plan of operation. *voiturin*, with whom I had agreed to carry me, would not wheel about to St Michael before he completed his journey, as he there expected a travelling traveller to defray the expence back. I pleaded the advantage he would receive by so post, and that he would most probably find so there destined to Turin. No;—he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might perhaps be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetoric, all my reasoning, made as little impression as the excommunications and anathemas solemnly and devoutly pronounced by the French against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than the double fare back, I at length consented: and my usual philanthropy, began to impute this gain, so universally prevalent, to some latent

The CHANCE-MEDLEY of EXISTENCE.

THE scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform."—— This conceit amused me, and I thought it both new and apposite to my present situation; to getting into the chaise, with a smile of complacency at the mules, who for once seem to have conferred all their perverse disposition on their driver, I resolved in my mind some strange unconnected allusions from the premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey of ; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or consent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous course of atoms, we might have been a tobacco pipe, even a tobacco-stop — a goose, or a monkey—— why are we accountable for our passions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learn'd to dance, should he punish us for the awkwardness of our waltz? Or, having learn'd to dance, should know nothing of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make me, against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance?——Heroes and emperors have been lost in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Cæsar might have been bleached from existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

MARIA.

UPON my arrival at Moulins, I inquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had died her last, ten days after I had seen her. I in-
(continued)

formed myself of the place of her burial, whither paired; but there was

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave—where I paid the last tribute due to virtue, and did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is numbered with angels, whose fair representative wait upon earth.—Thy cup of bitterness was full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT of HONOUR.

AFTER having paid these sincere obseques to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and entered into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind: this reverie, however, was presently interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjacent to the road. I ordered the postillion to stop, and getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and crooked.

The first object which presented itself to my view was a handsome young man, who appeared to be lying on the ground, in consequence of a wound he had just received from another not much older, who stood weeping

I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict ; but received no other answer than a fresh stream of tears. At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, " My honour, Sir, impelled me to the deed ; my conscience condemned :——but all remonstrance was vain ; and through the bosom of my friend I have pierced my own heart, whose wounds will never heal." Here a fresh gush of tears issued from the source of sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honour ! that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam ? Traitor, perfidious traitor ! thou that stallest at large under the habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, dictated by caprice, have become a law—a code of laws ! —Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to us, whose style unpolished and barbarous, you are revered for this age of luxury, learning, and refinement ; the seat of the Muses, the residence of the Graces. —Ah ! is it possible ? Are ye not the fair representatives of Gratitude, which so often runs counter to Honour, and her fallacious blandishments ?

GRATITUDE,

A FRAGMENT.

—GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, must necessarily, from having no nobler an origin, so direct a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, situate to place it at the head of all the other virtues ; especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other of our hand ;——this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high esteem,
 N that

that, in honour of it, they imaged three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they distinguished by the names of *Tbalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosy*. These three goddesses presided over Gratitude, judge that one alone was not sufficient to do honour to for a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have presented them naked, in order to point out, that, cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted Veitals, and in the bloom of youth to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slacken or sink under the weight of time, and that it behoves us to search for every possible occasion to testify our sensibility of benefits received. They were represented with a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we should feel, when we can express sense of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments should be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were described as holding each other by the hand to instruct us, that obligations and gratitude should be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!—Christians, remember you are their superiors;—show your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenting the destruction of his friend, he forgot his safety.—Perceiving some horsemen at a distance, and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in search of the combatants, I intreated him to get into my chaise, which would carry him with all possible speed to Paris.

wh

ere he could either conceal himself till the affair was tled in his favour, or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, and, with le farther intreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fa- spot, I observed the moisture of his eyes diminished, s bosom throbbed with less energy, and his whole ame began to tranquillize. We had not yet broke si- nce since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his openness to make me acquainted with the cause of his isfortune increase, I politely, though not imperinent- , urged him to the task.

THE STORY.

I AM, said he, the son of a member of the par- liament of Languedoc. Having finished my stu- ies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat ounge than myself, who was a man of rank, and the air to a considerable fortune, and who had been sent hither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to strange him from a young lady of inferior rank and rtune, who seemed too much to have ingrossed his at- tion.

“ He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, at it was not in the power of time or abience to obli- erate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a onstant correspondence by letters: those from her seem- d to breathe the purest accents of sympathetic love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised him lways to the best of my judgment. I could not pre- end to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form, e told me, was the representation of Venus: and, if : is possible to be enamoured with a portrait drawn by

such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. He therefore applauded his choice; and, as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and power, when placed in competition with happiness, he considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling children to marry against their inclinations, as the worst of all temporal evils.

“About this time, I received a letter from my father ordering me to return home. As there was nothing very positive in the command, without any reason assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my father’s caprices, which, you know, are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential spirit. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me for six months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. My generous friend anticipated even a hint upon this occasion; and, presenting me with a small box, he begged I would keep for his sake, I found a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I needed to perform the journey.

“As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver the letter to her, as she resided in my father’s neighbourhood. He also begged I would deliver him his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly adorned with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL’S RETURN



bers, and were by some called Pylades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, a parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

"But what was my surprise, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My son, this mark of your ready obedience endears you still more to me, and renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits you." I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me, but testified my surprise at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk in," said he, and that mystery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady; adding, "Sir, this is to be your wife." "There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

"The young lady blushed; whilst I stood motionless; my tongue was deprived of the power of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprised at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect; but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable capacity.

"As soon as I recovered myself from the consternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my respects to the company in the best manner I was able, and wished joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impossible to view so divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot completely happy, when my father's approbation had fore-run my wish.

THE INTERVIEW.

"DINNER was served, when mirth and joy reigned in every countenance, except in my intended bride: this I ascribed to her bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abruptness. I took the earliest opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my sentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impression she had made upon my mind.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity occurring in the garden, we found ourselves separated from the rest of the company, in a little grove, where, in her kindest hours, seemed to have been the retreat of lovers: "Madam, said I, allow me a declaration which has been made, and our mutual introduction, with the consent of both our friends. "I flatter myself I shall not offend you, when I declare that there is nothing wanting to complete my happiness, but to see you and make me the happiest of beings, but you tell me that the alliance which is going to take place is as agreeable to you as it seems to every one. "I tell me, my angel, that I am forced upon you to say, at least, I may hope to enjoy some share of your affections:—for the most earnest and the most constant desire of pleasing you, is the task of my whole life."

"Sir, replied she, there is a noble candour in your countenance, which must abhor deception. "To tell you I could ever love you, I should be guilty of the greatest deception. It is impossi-

ble to the fairest and most amiable of the creation?
—If so”——

No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure yourself
—your mien is graceful, your person elegant, your
countenance pleasing, and every embellishment of art
seems exhausted upon you!——but it is my cruel
fate”——Here a stream of tears stopt her farther ut-
terance.——

Oh! Madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you to
hear the prayer of the most earnest of your suppliants.
—It is not because the mandates of a parent may
seem to intitle me to your hand;—I scorn to force
it, or have it without your heart:—but I beseech
you to endeavour to let me merit you, and convince
you of the reality of my passion, which is ardent as
fire is insurmountable.”——

Heaven! what was my surprise, when, uttering
these last words, I perceived my friend, my honoured
friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his
sword—

——“ Villain, exclaimed he, thou shalt pay for thy
treachery.”

The lady fainting, he sheathed his sword to assist
her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me
follow him. Unknown how I had offended, or by what
means he could be at my father’s house, when I thought
I was in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on
towards the forest, he thus explained himself:

“ Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with a
few hours after your departure from Paris; and though
you thought proper to conceal the subject of your jour-
ney from me, the whole city echoed with your nup-
tials before night. I accordingly set out post directly,
and, as you find, have come in time to prevent your
union with Angelica.”

Angelica! said I——Heaven knows how unjustly
you accuse me:—I was ignorant that this was An-
gelica.”

“ Childish

"Childish evasion!" said he; "this may impose on and drivellers,—but I must have other satisfaction."

"Have you delivered my letter and picture?"

"No;—it was impossible."—

"Villain, villain!—No!—You thought it prudent to recommend your own suit—I heard word that passed, and therefore it is needless to your guilt, by the violation of truth."

"In vain did I expostulate with him, to prove my innocence;—in vain did I promise to give up all my pretensions to Angelica, and travel to the most remote parts of the world to forget her;—he was inexorable. It was impossible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known Angelica to whom I proposed paying my address. At last, with the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend myself after being branded with the repeated epithets of a cowardly coward, and infamous poltroon!—You know the rest."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fellow-traveller's narration, and seemed a very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

THIS affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deep into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *enbonpoint*, not old nor young; or, as the French express it, *d'un*

ed him, she had been at confession. Her handker was somewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few the centre of her cap was also not directly upon tre of her head; but this may be attributed to -vour of her devotion, and the hurry in which she lled to salute her new guests.

called for a bottle of champagne, when she told She had some of the best in all France: That she ceived I was an Englishman; and though the two ions were at war, she would always do justice to ividuals, and muſt own, that *My Lords Anglois* re the moſt generous *Seigneurs* in Europe; that ſhe ald therefore think herſelf guilty of much injuſtice, ſhe were to offer an Engliſhman a glaſs of wine ich was not fit for the *Grand Monarque*."

ere was no diſputing with a female upon ſo delicate jeſt; and therefore, though my companion, with lf, judged it the worſt bottle of champagne we had taſted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, is highly complimented my landlady for her *politeſſe*. our arrival at Paris, I ſet down my fellow-tra- : at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where oſed diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of an Abbe, racter the leaſt taken notice of in that city, except are profeſſed wits, or determined critics. He pro- l to meet me at the *Coffe Anglois*, over againſt the *Neuf*, at nine, that we might ſup together, and erate on the ſteps neceſſary to be taken for his ſecu-

It was now five, ſo that I had four years of loung- nd lodging-hunting:—how then could I better em- my time, than in a ſhort (perhaps a long) confer- with the agreeable *Marchande de Gonds*?

the firſt place, no woman in the whole city was r informed where lodgings were to be let; her ſhop i-kind of *bureau d'addreſſe* for empty hotels. This, d, I did not know, when I entered her ſhop:— why ſhould the circumſtance be leſs in my favour, aſe I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the ſecond place,

“ disorder; and having never been in y
“ and forgot that *la gale*, or any other di
“ ther cutaneous or not, might be transpl.
“ I hope,” continued she, casting a moist
through those beautiful eye-lashes, which
farther than I thought it possible for a singl
forate, “ that you’ll be a customer!—ye
“ ly wear them when they are so univer
“ thior.”

Saying this, she produced some of varie
patterns; but I objected to most of them, :
large for my hand. At length she produced
I thought were near the mark: “ I’ll try th
“ —but your hand must be very small to
“ It is rather warm now, Madame; so th
“ you may try a *size* larger.” She place
my side, and with both her hands had al
the design, when her husband passed thro
lour;—who nodding his head as he
“ *Faites—faites—ne bougez pas.*”

matter of business. Who could blame a female vendor of gloves for trying them on in the back shop? But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bomme* had almost rendered the gloves useless:—my hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office:—it slipped through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon dieu! said she; qui est ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety,—" *Ma foi, Madame, j'en ai rien.*" You are ill, Sir—take a drop of *liqueur*;" which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned chiefly by the entrance of the husband: so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I desired her to put up a couple of pair of the smaller size. She asked me what colour.—I replied, black.—"*Comment, said she, avec des rubans noir, sans être en deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her, a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *hands d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady's shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the fore-shop before our retreat. I mean, I had secured a lodging; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former critics, that the last chapter will be subpoena'd against me, in the monthly Trials of Authors

without jury; and that I shall be pronounced by Bench of Judges, such as they are, guilty of high treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning same, though there is not therein a dash, itar, or risk, which in my work have constantly alarmed virtue. But as I shall be among my Peers, I enter following protest:

"I DO not agree to the said resolution, because
 "thoroughly convinced they do not understand the
 "chapter; and because, without they enter into a
 "plete explanation thereof, I must be of opinion,
 "it is above their comprehension.

"YORK

THE OPERA GIRL.

I Thath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gants d'amour* in my pocket scarcely on—I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugene that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *La Cour* dance *a merveille*.—I beheld the finest I saw from the parterre that could possibly have been chit by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I conversed with Abbe De M——upon the subject.—He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her carriage and had the honour of handing her into it. She gave me such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately a heart communicated from the extremity of my fin which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and then she hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The

ted she was not a professed disciple to my system, thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with grossness of the thought in a female; but at present as disposed for a frolic, and gave her a bumper to *la bagatelle*. I showed her my new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said, 'were of a scanty pattern, though *a la grec*; but commended me for the future always to have my *es a la mousquetaire*.

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, Sir Thomas G—— was announced.

My servant attempted to open the door; but finding it met some resistance, as it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours.—He gazing the knight at his heels, did not dare turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the key-hole, "*Madame, le chevalier s'y trouve:*" the *des d'amour*, however, were come into play, and she pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Marianne* herself. It was when she had brought herself to a pause of the sitting—that this fatal whisper once more concerted the trial of the duke's noble invention, "*lacez vous sur le lit,*" said Mademoiselle La Cour.

Was ever ecclesiastic in such a piteous predicament!

Thomas G—— would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation; but Mademoiselle La Cour had persuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself: and to prove he believed her, he was giving an hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if my early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered the situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me without knowing it; and I was compelled to form the character of Mercury under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

IT was finely said of the Duke of Marlborough, the only part of generalship he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought I had carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, armed with *glands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a stand and compelled me to a most disgraceful capitulation. "How dissimilar to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough!" said I.—"Can this ever be told in my Sentimental Journey?"—But I've not abandoned my place."—Just as I had made these reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the side of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, secured the position, retired from his post.—To quit the metaphor—I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING.

"ABOUT four in the morning!" says the ill-natured *Ac.*—"What then were you doing till that time?"—"with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joye*?" To which I answer literally, *Nothing*.—"No!—Mr Yorick's imposition is too gross to pass upon us even from the pulpit. What did you do with the *glands d'amour* invented to avoid infection? did not Mademoiselle La Cour resume her application to try them on

be interrogated these ten years—I could add nothing to the reply—but *nothing! nothing! nothing!*

“Poor Mademoiselle La Cour!” says the satirist;—you had reason then to wish Monsieur Yorick had been *retrouvée a mousquetaire*.” But Mr Critic, this is *no* thing, *nothing* at all to the purpose.—“No more is this chapter,” says the *Snarler*.

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying *bist, bist, bist*. This, to a theatric performer, or a dramatic writer, would, perhaps, have been a very grating sound; indeed, were he inclined to superstition, he might have considered it as a foreboder of future *cl-na-n*; but as I never exhibited upon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ears as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbe popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. “Heaven! said I, what can this mean!—“He is taken up by the *Maréchaussée*, or the *Chasseurs*;” and is conducting to the *Gbastelet* or *Bicetre*.”—Not so: his honest landlord having given him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him, and advised him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion.—I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus harassed, for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavours to have prevented:—but I was also pleased to think he would, in some hours, be be-

yond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her mis-called justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure, and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieupoort, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion. I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of.—I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

MY ideas were too scattered and eccentric to be composed in sleep—I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

*Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crimes of Providence?
Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
And perish by their folly, not their fate.*

Just as I had uttered these lines, (which by the by would

would have been more sonorous, and of course more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer), I perceived an inscription over a bar, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with some very pleasing music, which was playing to a set of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to stop, and inquired whether I might not *faire noccs ici*.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be so equally animate, that it is the same expence to draw upon and go through the one, as the other: and also, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, tho' much boasted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outside of the walls, than within of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en fais bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloomy habit of my soul, and love alone can remove it."

When the *Cocher* had brought the master of the house to the door, and informed him that an English gentleman proposed to *faire noccs*,—the question he put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricaflets*, and how much *music*?

To which I replied, None.

Monsieur l'Hôte shrugged up his shoulders, and said, *Pauvre monsieur Anglais il est gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *ci-devant* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is related to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traître* is a very serious affair, and might be attended with very serious consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a science of themselves, and as useful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or *pic*. Having made some short study of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peste*, and *f---e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St Jacques* before I perceived a party of the *Guets* hurry a young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy.—Most thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutality of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look toward me that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my man to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When I stopped, my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L—, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilst I was ushered to the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the traces (though much blotted with crying) of my pretty *le fille de chambre* whom I first met with her *egarement de coeur*. "Heavens! said I, is this possible? Do not my eyes deceive me? No—it is she—My sympathetic heart involuntarily led me to her assistance; and if Mr de L—— hath the least susceptibility of sentiment in his, this unfortunate young woman shall not fall a sacrifice to—"

Just as I had come to this resolution, the *Commissaire* entered; and after many compliments and some professions of friendship, I seized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now in his power to convince me of the sincerity of his assertions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this, he replied, "It would be impossible to afford the young woman any relief till he had heard the allegations against her; but that if there was a possibility of mitigating her punishment without losing sight of justice, he would certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive she derived some confidence from my presence, there was much innocence and unaffected simplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commissaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in her favour.

The *Guet* alledged against her; that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been disturbed. She acknowledged there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting me troublesome visitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, and the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guet*, "he was liable to be punished, for forcing the lady out of her apartments upon such a pretence; that the most virtuous women in Paris were liable to the same inconvenience

"from

“ he was very sensible she was a *fille de joye*, he
“ being down upon his list; but that, as she
“ young practitioner, and the *Guet* were as yet i
“ of her profession, at the entreaty of Mr Yorick,
“ released her; but strongly recommended her t
“ coming before him, upon that or any other oc

I was greatly surprised to find she was actual
the *Commissaire's* list, and my curiosity was much
to know her story. We retired, after paying
L—— all the compliments to which he was so j
ritled for his polite behaviour, and I accompar
back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER she had returned me repeated tha
my kind intercession, I intrated her to
me by what accident she had come into that situ
life, in which, according to the *Commissaire*, I

when you would return. Having carried back information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day when I was purposely sent for it, but then, by an accountable accident, we both forgot it. She thought that she imagined something had passed between us of a very singular nature; and went so far as to say, no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her as to order me immediately to quit her service. My sudden discharge greatly confused me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who served Madame R——, to recommend me to a place till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a workwoman, and we should not disagree in terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her and from this instant was considered as one of the

of the province was, in the forenoon, to carry home my goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and especially foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress to the best advantage upon these occasions, as the gentlemen always paid the most generously, when met with a tidy milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them; and, continued she, I do not know a more comely way in all the *Rue St Honore*, or any that is more likely to make her fortune, if she minds her hits. For, said she, there are but three female professions in Paris, which promise promotion: These are, operators, pretty bar-keepers *aux cafes*, and milliners; we have the advantage, being considered as the modest, and the least exposed in public. Although I was not possessed of any great portion of money, I could not help being pleased to find my mistress

très thought I had some claim to make my fortune, as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years, with one tolerable offer being made me, except it was a *maître perruquier*, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began to think that the loss of Madame R—'s place might turn benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to enquire whether the *maître perruquier* had proposed honourable terms; and if so, whether it was from personal dislike to him, which had made her refuse the offer.

To this she very ingenuously replied, "That the offer he offered were nothing less than marriage; that he was considered as a man of opulence; and that she thought him a very good match; that as to person, he was remarkably handsome, having been *valet de chambre* to *La Duchesse de L—*, and obliged to quit that service, on account of a discovery made by *M. le Duc*, who had been for some time before jealous of him; but that, upon his dismissal, his good lady made an acknowledgment of past services, had given him a sum of money to set him up as a master *perruquier*."

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, or accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of fire.—Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, that not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbour

at this instant all these horrors presented themselves in view:—the whole range of houses opposite to us, and entirely surrounded by flames. Outcries, shrieks, confusion and tumult, at once assailed our ears.

Alas! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of our sympathetic heart upon this occasion!—Might I have been by those of mine, they would have been too painful for reason and philosophy to temper with prudence. I rushed into the midst of the populace, and was giving the assistance that my feeble frame could permit—extended far beyond its natural strength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful dresses, and imploring the clemency of Heaven,—I flew to her assistance, and, though the floor on which she lay had already taken fire, brought her off without injury. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I had fled, and there procured not only warm wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to cover her; for at that time I conducted her thither, she had no other apparel than her shift. Her distresses had, however, made a strong impression on her, that shame, which at her time, under such circumstances, would have overwhelmed her with blushes, crimsoned not her cheek, lest the lily to prevail with the utmost force of its delicate hue:—Alas! too powerfully;—nature sunk beneath the oppression of calamity.—I ran for some time, and, by a speedy application, restored her to life, to herself.

Where am I?—Surely in another world.—All things round me are strange.—Are you inhabitants of the earth—or spirits of departed souls?—or has all been a dream, and am I still in a *reverie*?—No—this surely is a room—that is a bed—this is a chair—and that a table; these too are clothes,—very different from any I ever wore. All around seem in equal consternation.—Tell me, I beseech you, Sir,

“as you appear in a human form, who are
“are you, and where am I?”

Having said this, she fell again into a fit; this relapse seemed more dangerous than her first. I could have gazed for ever upon her countenance, which indeed resembled the picture of resignation, and seemed then with a most benignity to be taking a flight to the mansions of her abode. But this was no time for such divinations; her earthly part still required our assistance.

After having again somewhat recovered her senses, it was adviseable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greatest care. This she promised, and, I found afterwards faithfully fulfilled; having taken my leave for to endeavour at giving some farther assistance to the happy sufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASQUET.

FROM an upper window I was called to, to hold my hat, in which I presently found the casquet; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor after the confusion occasioned by the calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impression on my heart——It was the miniature of a young vine creature whom I had met with at Calais, I had proposed meeting at Brussels——“Heaven preserve her!”
“I, by what accident came this picture here?”
“That charming woman is not now perishing.”

considering the disparity of their years, he being now eighty-third, and she in her sixteenth, and also the warmth of her constitution, and the amorousness of her complexion, to allow unto the Vicar of the said parish, all the rights of *cuisse* and *jambage*, in their full extent, agreeable to the just claims of the holy church; and moreover, doth permit him to continue the same, in his absence, during the natural life of the said Jean Francois de Vancourt, Provided, nevertheless, that the said Vicar, upon the return of the said Jean Francois, should, after the said Jean Francois pronounced, in an audible voice, at the door of the bed-chamber, *Tire V—s*, three times, withdraw himself therefrom, and leave the said Jean Francois in the full possession of Marie Louise Anne, his said wife, any thing notwithstanding to the contrary that herein be contained.

—Provided always, on the part of the said Marie Louise Anne, that she hath a negative voice in favour of the Curate, when the said Vicar shall be above the age of thirty-five, or otherwise, in her opinion, disqualified for the rites of *cuisse* and *jambage*, in their full extent; he the said Curate, in case of such election on her part, submitting to the same proviso, in favour of the said Jean Francois, upon his pronouncing in an audible voice, at the said chamber-door, *Tire V—s* three times."

Having translated thus much of this Fragment, I shall leave the reader to make his own sentimental reflections: observing, that the good queen who ordered this to be changed, seemed so to display more knowledge and delicacy:—but it must be observed in her favour, according to the Salique Law, a queen of France wields the sceptre in her widowhood, and is therefore had of every opportunity of displaying her authority; the life of her husband.

This be not a sufficient apology for a queen, let an instance of any quality or fashion, from a duchess down to a

a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr G—— made his first trip to Paris had not studied so much of the rudiment the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the masculine and the feminine in most heterogencous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the pence of decency, the impositions he had met with on the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strict propriety: and he particularized having paid a post twice, who asked him even a third time for the money. "*Est il possible?*" said she. "*Oui Madame, j'en decbar ge deux fois, sur mon vie.*"—"Beau mieux," replied she, *que sur mon Con—te.*" The vision of the last word had the desired effect, and raised such a laugh in the gallery, that the king could no longer refrain asking what they tittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not apprised, that the demoiselle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had saved from perishing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiselle, was withdrawn thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging which had been provided for her; whereby I was disappointed in my hopes of obtaining an éclaircissement that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having discovered the lodging to which the frig-

was carried, I was now flattered with the pleasing
evidence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated
unravelling of this story, by pronouncing the lady,
in I was instrumental in assisting, the identical origi-
ner herself. But, to prevent any such erroneous con-
clusions, I shall here inform him, that any such antici-
pation is a groundless mistake. Though there was a ge-
neral resemblance in their features, their height and
complexion were very different.

I waited upon her with the casket, at the sight of
which she expressed great satisfaction; and after having
expressed more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I
taken of her, by which I had probably prevented
perishing in the flames, she informed me, that there
was her sister's, whose husband was expected at
Paris in a few days; and that he had sent his clothes,
these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, con-
signed to her care, until his arrival; but that, unfor-
tunately, they must all be lost, except the jewels I had
saved, as she had not yet received any tidings of
him, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I consoled with her upon the occasion, whilst I ex-
pressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in
saving two such valuable objects—herself, and the por-
tion of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of
seeing her sister at Calais; and that, from the conversa-
tion which passed between us, I had reason to believe
she was not then in the married state. To which she
replied, "That she had not been married above
two weeks; and that her husband was coming to Paris, to
promise a suit which had been subsisting between his
relations and his present wife's; this marriage having
brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

On this information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified
and I could almost have wished that the litigation
still subsisted between the parties, and she had still

been

been single.—But a moment's reflection told me, with was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental boy—Far distant, then, be it from my heart, to do the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for own satisfaction! Oh! the Remise-door!—Height—
—I could not banish the thought; and finding gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired some precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, agitated by the tender passion? A forsworn hath but one solace,—another nymph more. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in “*adieu!*” said I, “why should Nature, in her moods, thus make the very centre of gaiety and time the scene of misery?—How contradictory how paradoxical!—But why impute it to Nature cannot err.”

“Mademoiselle, (said I, after this reverie,) it perhaps an unwelcome office, to request the for the continuation of your story, which was perfectly interrupted by the melancholy accident of my late visit.”

“Indeed,” said she, “sir, it will indulge melancholy, which alone I could not sufficiently grapple with the strongest retrospect of my past misfortune but now I am happy in having this opportunity giving vent to my affliction.”

“My first excursion from the shop was to visit an Italian Count, supposed to be as generous as was magnificent. His *valet de chambre* was near his eyes, between eleven and twelve, after for his master's return to bed, not having been all night. The Count came to the door, while conferring with his man, who informing him

ht him some ruffles, I was desired to walk up

Innocent then of the design of such a custom—readily consented. The Count just glanced his upon the ruffles, when, chucking me under the with one hand, he thrust his other into my bo-

this behaviour I thought so great an insult, that, y passion, I gave him a slap on the face.”——

Miss,” said he, “if you give yourself airs, I teach you better manners.”——“He rang the

and his *valet de chambre* appeared.”——“Now,

” added he, “take your choice—fair means or

——“I fell upon my knees, and implored mer-

-but he was inexorable to all my intreaties. The

a *valet* held me, whilst he—Oh spare me the

of recollection!”——

at I will, my little unfortunate! What a villain!

perpetrate a deed by violence, which perhaps

licitation he might have obtained with your con-

,”

no, Sir,” said she, weeping—“I never would contented”——

at, indeed, alters the case.—But then his gene-

——what recompence did he make you?”——

hy, I was just going to mention.—From the

fter my mistress had given him, I imagined he

not possibly have presented me with less than a

red louis d’ors, considering the difficulty he had,

he opposition I made.—I dare say an English

man would have thought it very trifling.”——

ry trifling, I can assure you; I have known an

sh nobleman pay fifty times the sum for such an

, without having committed half so good a rape

s committed upon you.”

ry, look ye there, so I thought;——and con-

ng what was past could not be recalled, I thought

ht as well accept the wages of——”

iniquity——”

s, iniquity, I think you call it, as go without

,”

"Every whit—quite orthodox reasoning."

"So I waited, and sobbed—and cried, and waited—expecting every moment a handsome recompence for such an insult—when at length he asked me, if I was a maid?"

"What an insult after such an attack!—But what did you reply?"

"I told him I might have had some little *egaremens du coeur*; but that I never had been guilty of such a crime before."

"The guilt lay on his side, according to the opinion of all the casuists in the world."

"There was much to be said on both sides, but this I kept to myself."

"But the recompence?"

"He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he should pay me for what ruffles he had occasion for—and would make me a present."

"Did you call?"

"Yes, punctually."

"Was you not afraid?"

"No—I thought he could not use me worse than he had done:—but in this I was mistaken:—for he had decamped the night before, with his *valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to pay his lodging."

"Amazing!"

"Not at all:—he was a gamester; and the morning I saw him, he had lost his last louis d'or at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Academy! What, in the name of wonder, astonishment, and learning, do they allow in the seminaries of science, in such a polished nation, and such a well-regulated metropolis as Paris, where scarce any obvious vice goes unpunished; I say, do they allow of gaming to a degree that can ruin a man?"

"76"

"*Je ne vous entends pas !*"

"I do not understand you," said Miss Laborde.

"*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*"

"Nor I what you mean."

"Did you not say, the Count had lost his money at the Academy?"

"Well, and what astonishment can arise from that? Are not immense sums lost there every night?"

"And are the Police acquainted with it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what say the professors?"

"The professed gamesters are very well pleased with it;—sometimes a run of ill-luck may break them, when they meet with one as knowing as themselves; but this is such a phenomenon, that the Count's precipitate departure astonished all Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this Academy; for I believe, after all, we are in a state of some misunderstanding concerning it.—By an Academy, I should comprehend the seat of the muses, the garden of science, and the vineyard of learning."

"No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor a vineyard, but a gaming-house licensed by the magistrates; where gamblers may cheat with impunity, if they can do it with dexterity, and where the credulous and unwary may be ruined, without remedy or relief."

"What a prostitution of names!"

"Not at all: *C'est l'Academie de Grecs.* It is the Academy of Sharpers."

"If cheating be a privileged science, I acknowledge the title very proper:—but as it is one of the occult sciences which I shall never study, I beg we may leave this seminary, that you may pursue your narration."



Y O R I C K'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

BY
E U G E N I U S.

V O L. IV.

9



Y O R I C K's

NTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

THE NARRATION.

WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion, and reproached all exotic noblemen, except the English, whom she thought to be generous, honest, and just. "Well, said you shall to-morrow morning wait upon Lord Mordaunt; he pays like a prince." A flood of tears choked my answer for the present; but when I recollected myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had been ravished.

en suis ravie," said she.

"It is for nothing," said I.

Je n'ai rien de perdu."

"And perhaps I shall never recover my character again, as long as I live."

At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me, that her character was always well established, in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and

Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for
as the circumstance of the Rape was quite in

"*Est il possible qu'on puisse être ravie si au-
ment ?*"

"*Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups à faire de
occasions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

"THIS was a doctrine I could not comp-
was a new-fangled logie, that seem-
rant to common sense."

"I see, continued she, you do not under-
"but if you will step into my dressing-room,
"on a little *rouge*, I will explain the myster-

"You must know," said she, as we went
stairs, "that Lord Spindle has for some time
"tharides; and that they have now lost all
"Now, said she, if you had not been previo-

d Spindle is entirely emaciated, he could not possibly have taken so much pains as a virgin's coyness would have required; no, nor——" [here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of the dress was an impenetrable secret]——" but as it so luckily happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be made, if he does not die before he has——" [another interruption] "made you a handsome present."

In *intail*, said I, you certainly meant."
Doubtless."

Voilà des coups certainement."

Hui, said she, *certainement."*

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a far secret than all the rest, which I should not have told), duly administered, we returned into the parlour.

As ups and downs of life, she told me as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of fortune should always pay the greatest attention to them; that she was in hopes, if I succeeded with Lord M., my fortune would be made with very few of

THE BON MOT.

A FRENCHWOMAN, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *bon mot*; and as the occasion was so very favourable, it was not in the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

Bon Mot is literally a good word; with us it is a

attending knights of such an order being thearrant of a figure dancer, as arrant a ***** as a petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against Knights—of the Post—or the Ladies, let their profession it will.

“The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr
“but what have you done with Lord Spindle?”

“Oh! here he comes *in propria persona*.”

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if it should be so ignorant, I will give a short history of him.

His Lordship was descended from an ancient in the North of England, who possessed a vast fortune. His uncle dying without heirs, while a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate,

by actually dividing the spoils with his Lordship's tresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his Lordship was of age, he found he had already run upwards of hundred thousand pounds in debt; and the first step was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for like sum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his close-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered: a city-heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connection. A drysalter's daughter, worth two hundred thousand pounds, had charms sufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled, and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His Lordship had, soon after, reason to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more in proportionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle? She returned home to her father two hundred thousand pounds worse in pocket, and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place, and his Lordship recovered;—but not without some lacerations and amputations, which made him all his life refuse Italian concubines.

His *bonest* Tutor still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetoric he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, though he had never taught before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his Lordship, that every man was born with a certain number of p——s, as every woman

was

could not pretend to dispute the justness of the
so that the following syllogism made his L
sume all his debaucheries, as far as he was at
greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain
of p—s.

Minor. Your Lordship has had more than a
your years :

Ergo. You have the fever to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side,
are the peccadilloes ! His Lordship hardly
much sophistry to urge him to the charge ; but
in need of many provocatives to enable him
wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander)
skimmed the surface of most sciences ; and his
youth been almost as abandoned as his late
present master, had dipped into physic, at least
of it which may be called *Venereal*. He knew
how to promote as well as cure all the disease

THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

AND THE TURTLE.

The Sensualist does not often consider how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health ; Alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash ipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six of Cayenne pepper, which are administered in . The nostrum, it is true, once saved a councilman from being a cuckold, and therefore is about its virtues.

Skate had been married ten years ;——he was a fine world——understood commerce——and upon that was by every one styled a *good man*. Mr Skate differed in opinion. She had brought him five hundred pounds (which indeed he had improved to a thousand,) and she judged herself intitled to some more. Mr Skate, being a money-getting man, frequented clubs, went to bed late, and rose early. "Less money, and more love," was her constant cry. "Stay, my dear, till I make it a *plum* ; I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but to love you."——"Ay but, she would say, then you are too old ; and what signify riches, or any thing if one can't enjoy it?" This was good logic, as good as Pedagogus's, for a common-councilman's

affairs were going on at this rate, and every vocation constantly attended to, and punctually performed by Mr Skate——except one——when Mrs Skate, consulting the doctor respecting some doubts concerning adultery, had made an appointment with him for next morning at ten, while Mr Skate was at the house, to convince the doctor that he had con-

victed

eleven words,

"His Lordship had bequeathed him three pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the words contained in this bequest, as the great are very apt to overlook these niceties; and I have even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word,*" *score.* Every part of Criticism is worthy the attention.

MISS LABORDE'S STORY C CLUDED.

"THE very same Lord Spinlle, I can assure you,"
"I thought I was right in my manner."
"proceed."

"I was introduced to his Lordship by Mr. T who took me by the hand, and looking languidly at me, said in a gentle voice, saying, 'I did

k in bed; and being informed that I was come to upon him, he ordered me in.—Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure, which seemed a better-qualified lover for Queen Bido, than a Parisian milk-maid. He, nevertheless, said some civil things to me, sought my whole band-box,—and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took purse out of his breeches pocket, presented me with and then—

————— I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his Lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

He desired me to call three days after—when he would be dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took an apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the straits.

After his provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have intitled me to a place upon the Commissioner's list."

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite story, from the moment he heard of Miss Langle's whimpering.—I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progress, or any pathetic novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

J. N. If he be a tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of charades.

1 In higher veneration than my own, and would not for a *mâre* ridicule the mysteries, and pery, in a Romish country, still there are some obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and even one must be almost a stone, not to raise a risi at many of their officials. I have no objectioning or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemnity, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches than (*faire scandale*) give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or the uncovering of their breasts at the elevation of the host; and I have seen the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit ecu* each, to kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi Saint*; but I should have thought a professed *fille de joye* to consider it as damnation, beyond the power of all the order of priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope himself, to absolve her for eating the wafer on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise the duties of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde a visit on Good Friday, and being somewhat fatigued upon returning

ould have no objection to fish, for that matter. if ere any good; carp and tench I have been arrested with this Lent; and as to your *moules*, e equalled by nothing but the black broth of ients."

il y a d'autres especes de poisson; que pensez anguilles et des grenouilles?"

here are other kinds of fish; what think you of l frogs?"

s! ha! ha! ha! Excuse me for laughing—the first time I ever heard them classed under d of fish."

ient! la grenouille c'est bien du poisson, et elle est

—Surely frogs are very good fish, and they wed."

may be allowed; but, in this case, I should ie penance very rigid, if I were compelled to n, though you were to call them wild-fowl. frog-feast, to an Englishman, is a very severe

USE of RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

Traiteur was sent for; but he informed me, he ld not possibly serve the table with flesh to-day, ad a certificate under a physician's hand that I

in my face!—Is not my countenance a suf- certificate?—besides, here is a recipe I had y from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

Traiteur did not understand Latin, but was con- was right, by being so very unintelligible.

inner was served; Mademoiselle, however, touch a bit. She expected a visit from her that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter;

and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case should break her Lent upon so important a day.

"Pray, Miss, do you reveal every thing to your fellow?"

"Every thing, Sir."

"And what would you say, if a good customer to drop in?—You would not refuse him?"

"Non, certainement ;—*c'est une autre affaire.*"

"No, certainly ;—that's another case."

Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty succeeding exercise. These causes united, produce a very natural effect :—and as the point in case was *autre affaire*,—wherefore should I have more scruples than Mademoiselle?

The case then stood thus :

	Deg.	
Religion	6	The Flesh
Reason	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite
Danger	3	Powers
Conscience	$\frac{1}{2}$	Object
Character	14	Opportunity
	<hr/>	
	$27\frac{1}{2}$	
	$177\frac{1}{2}$	
	$27\frac{1}{2}$	
	<hr/>	

Alas ! alas ! $150\frac{1}{8}$ What a balance !

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, and powers, object, and opportunity !—

Do your pulses beat? Quick, quick, quick—for G—d's sake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

RAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me blush in the last chapter!—I reddened all over.—I questioned whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my sword, or even the Latin certificate, for my illness, under such a ruddy complexion: and in this case all the cause would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, tho' excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

The RECOVERY of COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession approached: and Miss Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform! My design was, to have retired directly home, and dress; but meeting with a lusty Friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me—"Surely this man must be frained of different flesh and blood than other mortals, if when

"Mademoiselle reveals all her secrets to him, he can have the resolution to withstand such an attack upon the senses."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervour of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Marias!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their creaking:—they have often disturbed me from the slumbers of sweet repose upon the road, where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But such an accident surely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithstanding the accident——would I had been a friar, a lusty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that, though I never coveted or envied any man his professions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental before, I could not get the *lusty friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to see the humours of the *Guinguette* Easter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, unfamiliar to White-conduit house, Bagnigge-wells, &c. the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bo

wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are sort of by the greatest number on Sundays, as public meetings as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This being Easter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a species of animals, who, from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorised to disturb the repose and tranquillity of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Mousquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficient in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain art of their abilities: here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presented themselves; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *vethebert*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword, and carried no marks of plebeianism about him. It they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chastise all such, as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of
their

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with her misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to those she gives great riches, with an unquiet mind; to these, a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible to the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he possesses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill-shapen female, who, in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic: whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every situation of life, there is consolation and solace to be found:

and,

jeweller and his mistresses were sitting, drinking a wine; and, asking him if his wine was good, invitation he'ped himself to a glass: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his mistress, and afterwards himself, till the bottle was tied.

The young Jeweller bore all these insults with good temper; and calling for another bottle, told he was very proud of the honour of their company; that, if they could not afford to pay, they were very welcome to another, or two, at his expense.

"*Comment, Monsieur le Joyaillier, comptez-vous n'etes pas connu—Allez balayer votre boutique laissez votre opes chez vous.*"

"What, Mr Jeweller, do you think you are known?—Go and sweep your shop, and leave your sword at home."

"*Je le serai bien,*" replied the Jeweller, "*et je vous ai corrigé pour votre insolence.*" "This I readily do, after I have corrected you for your insolence."

THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with her misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to give great riches, with an unquiet mind; to give a great share of adversity, with much insensibility; the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with great wealth, would, doubtless, be highly deserving

of pity. If we weigh the wealth of the one with the indigence of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance nearly equal. The poor man, insensible to the value of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he is in possession of wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of

losing it. This observation confined solely to wealth and

Beauty and deformity have each their consolation. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the plain female, who, in turn, despises the beautified only to be gazed upon. The sword-bearer values courage and skill in arms as the greatest ornaments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank more to adulation from the merchant and mechanic than these, on the contrary, maintain industry and commerce more important objects than the *etiquette* of the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every life, there is consolation and solace to be found:

and,



the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-morrow morning, with a letter I have been so neglectful as to keep these two months in my pocket."

"*Vous êtes Mr Yerrick, donc;—et comment est-il arrivé que vous n'êtes pas venu me voir ?*"

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take leave; but she said with a very imperative tone—" *Il faut souper avec moi.*"

THE TUILLERIES.

SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet's sudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in less polished sphere of action, would have been excused, as erring against all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about six feet distance, and which in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obscenities of any species may be committed, unpunished by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and spring, every thing performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I now point out its uses.

There are two Goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these Divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most recluse cats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet discovered, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddess were at this time performing.

THE

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had supposed this exhibition shocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouille much as to render any longer stay in the Garden practicable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. My hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, tho' fully satisfied with my replies. She then ingeniously took her leave of Madame de la Gard and the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate to-morrow—and adding, “*J'ai quelques affaires à ce Monsieur—Vous m'excuserez.*”

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouille's curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Monsieur de la Gard's sister, M^{lle} Laborde.

“Pray, Madam, had not you a chambermaid who used to be sent to my apartments for the letter which I now delivered?—Does she live with you still?”

“*Ab. la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas. Monsieur, elle est sur le pave meme.*”

“Oh, the hussy! she has made many slips; she even walks the streets.”

This does not look like a reconciliation; I must

“ Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. Restore her to your favour; forget her past errors; and I will be bound for her future good behaviour. I have heard her story; and she is to be pitied.”

Finding I had made some impression upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of her milliner; and in her passion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

“ *Ab, la villaine bou—gresse!*”

Now was my time: her passions were set on float; her pity began to move; and if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favourable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT.

[T is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favour, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *tribers*.

THE BICETRE.

A DEPOSITION upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicetre*. In consequence, therefore, of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted

ed thither, where I shall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a mistake which slipped into the first volume of my *Sentimental Journey* (page 71,) as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller, and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The page is this:

“Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town. Of all women, Madame de Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtue and purity of heart. In our return back, Madame de Rambouillet desired me to pull the cord? I asked if she wanted any thing? *Rien que piffer*, said Madame de Rambouillet.”

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the Galleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which should not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

Le Pet en l'Air is once more a fashionable dress among the English ladies, and therefore requires mention: its etymology will be set forth in this

Madame Pompadour riding thro' *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress, (which was made up by her, and had not yet been christened,) in company with Mademoiselle la Tour, one of her waitresses, or rather servile companions, by some accident she went to some confined air, according to Human Nature the natural way. The ludicrousness of the occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That shall be the name of my new dress;" and at that time a short sack and petticoat were called *le Pet en l'Air*.

The similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of names. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted from her pillion, she was better than her word; and, upon turning her seat, with a laugh said, "*C'est le pet en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Her critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certify her judgment in the most favourable point of view. And though the thought might be originally Madame Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is equal to the primitive sentiment.

The learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

to find that the concatenation was entirely different and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connection in the most honourable and serious way, and who was situated in business, and so agreeable a man, seemed every way qualified to render the marriage completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her *a propos*," (though by-the-by, it was no more than any one thing the most foreign in the world might have been lugged in head and shoulders) "*par*, Miss Laborde; you never told me what of your lover the *Perruquier*?"

"Good Heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot. I was so taken up with the Italian Marquis and his Spindle, he never once entered my head—man! Heigh-ho!"

"What makes you sigh, and call him *poor*?"
"I thought he was in very good circumstances."

"What, could not the duchess his patroness relieve him."

"She did not choose to appear in such an affair publicly.—Besides, I believe by this time she had pretty well forgot him and his services. An Irish colonel had for some time supplied his place so effectually, that there were some hopes of an heir to that noble family, after her Grace had been married eleven years without issue."

"And so the poor fellow is to rot in jail, because the Irish colonel has so effectually served this noble family! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Mercy!"

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of Barber-Surgeons, proposing to pay all the expences attending his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his never trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B—'s name, to whom I also communicated the affair; and received a very polite answer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submitting to the concessions prescribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a licence.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good spirits, relying upon the duchess's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed she had resided for some time past. I had some difficulty at first to convince him of his error in this respect: but when I mentioned to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of his customers, and the other circumstances attending his connections with the duchess; and, added, that, to my certain knowledge, she had not been a night absent from Paris these two months,

woman he had ever really loved ; and that propose to him a more agreeable match ; as should have married her before this time, if been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perh their doctrines to my conduct, and part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jesu had my doubts,

Whether this man may not be happy unit man, who, though she has been guilty of ei selous of them, and seems perfectly penitent

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real conduct, I may not make him miserable, i an union which might make them both cont

All her public errors had been committe was estranged from the world : and ignora respect was to him virtue on her behalf ;—
Source of Malice —

THE RESOLUTION.

QUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said she would send for him to dress her ; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, of a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's, to be presented to his opinion ; and, if he thought of a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no inconvenience he might afterwards receive from the slander-world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

IR-dressing is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America, (for many an *honest Perruque* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe,) does not seem in the least ridiculous for a man, or even a lady, to sit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian charity upon this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death. A few hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. No lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilet-street. This surely then was a sufficient period to settle the matters in point——Madame de Rambouillet, and Mademoiselle Laborde's—character.

THE

THE CONVERSATION.

Madame de Rambouillet.

IS it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, Whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether Necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behaviour would serve her as a beacon, to avoid the shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that Necessity had compelled her, and that she was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no consequence in this case: the sentiment and present disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind enough to her past failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future husband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; and, if half the Parisian husbands had reasoned with as much justice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the

the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers.—Bless me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What must be done?

Tour. *Que Diable!* This comes of marriage—But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the *outside* of a lady's head, be it ever so great.—I will run immediately for my last new-invented *tete*; which, I am sure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. “*Ab! Monsieur Tournelle, il n’y a pas de moyen.*”

Tour. “*N’ayez pas peur—je retournerai dans l’instant.*”

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever so superstitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: for I can assure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very shortly: I gave away Mademoiselle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle: and there is not a better wife in all Rue St Honore, or even *Rue de la Harpe*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N. B. Mons. Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tireboudin*.

MYSELF.

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *most* virtuously, got Mademoiselle Labord out of my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should give some attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Countess de B——, the Marchande de gands d'amour, the Quis de B***, Monsieur P——, the Farmer General, Madame de G——, Madame de V——, Monsieur D——, the Abbe M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I *do not*.

Myself—is what I have not for some months looked into—With this Being I must now converse; let the frivolity of *petits maitres* to be gratified with all unsubstantial enjoyments—their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and my son? Some hath been paid, but much more still is owing—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when shall I strike a balance?

O, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the rapid transition of Time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the course of life, its short duration, the phantom we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself, and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your sacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral self-disquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and king from the window, perceived the Count de B— quiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He came to the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in countenance upon finding me at home; he said he had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monsieur Yorick; and that, had he luckily met with the celebrated Mr W—es upon the next Neuf, he should never have thought of enquiring

Mr Sterne; but that Mr W—es explained to him the enigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to send him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Tristram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an unique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was soon melted down into politics. Mr W—es, his partizans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constitution, laws, and customs of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

“But, after all, said the Count, this is not the subject of my visit. Monsieur de L—, with the assistance of the Abbe T—, has made very free with the Marquis de M—, in a pamphlet handed about. Now, continued he, I have written an answer to it, in which I have the vanity to think I have fairly reported the argument, as well as the raillery upon him; and I wanted to consult with you upon a proper device by way of frontispiece.

“My

“ My conceit is an elephant learning to dance upon the slack-rope, being taught by a monkey.”

THE OBJECTION.

“ **M**ONSIEUR le Comte, said I, since you do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion, I hope you will not be offended at my speaking without reserve.”

“ By no means,” replied he.

“ Why, Monsieur Le Comte, the thought is good; but, *pardonnez moi*, it is not new.”

“ Not new! where is it to be met with?”

An ANECDOTE of the late DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH.

“ **L**ORD Grimston, when at school, about the age of thirteen, wrote a comedy, called the *Lawyer's Fortune*. This production was so far from possessing any dramatic merit, that it contained scarce any thing but palpable inconsistencies; however, when the very juvenile years of the author are considered, and that the publication of it was probably owing to the partiality of parents in the gratification of a childish vanity; and when it is also considered, that at a mature time of life, the author himself, upon a review of it, becoming sensible of its imperfections, took every possible means to call in the impression, and, if possible, prevent so indifferent a performance standing forth in evidence against even his childish talents; such an error seemed, to all impartial people, sufficiently apolo-

th she thought proper to make to this gentleman, in election for members of parliament, where he was a candidate, caused a large impression of this to be printed at her own expence, and to be distributed among the electors; with a frontispiece, containing a reflection on his lordship's understanding. The device was, *an elephant dancing on a slack rope.* The gentleman, nevertheless, carried his election, in spite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents."

THE MONKEY.

PORT bien, Monsieur, mais ou est le singe ? "Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?"

Oh! I give up the monkey, Monsieur le Comte, though there was something very like one in the back and."

CONVICTION.

HERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit and judgment seems to be called in question; so that, as the Comte de B— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old Comte's allegorical frontispiece; and I could find he was willingly have purchased all the dispersed copies of *Lawyer's Fortune*, at a higher price than Lord B—, to have secured to himself the merit of no-

my eating soup with him the very next day, but
——“ *Vous me ferrez un plaisir tres singulier, de
“ donner a perſonne l’idee que vous m’avez donnee
“ de cette planche.*”

“ You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure
“ me, if you mention to no one the hint you
“ concerning this plate.”

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here; though
I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian
and it might have served as a very proper front
to these four volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick’s word is no jest.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY has been the source of human
What a price did Eve pay for it? What
every day paid for it by the human race? It ma

the business and pursuits of other people; and it is a kind of curiosity which must always be condemned. The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws, where they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipped, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own. Good Heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly exposed and castigated! Not that they would be without male companions in these perambulations; for I believe the *petits-maitres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; but their knowledge may be said to consist in their neighbours' actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of censure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to inquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbours. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated, whilst politics, and news of every species, seem to engross the sole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be loose upon me.—“So, Mr Yorick, you would suppress all curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, except what may immediately come under the head of science.—Who the p—x then would read your works?” Answer—There would then be nothing else read, if they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: he was at the gate where Count de B—— inquired for me, by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He put his head into every coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned respecting me, he added to his former enigmatical account, and, as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom from my character.

In every Coffee-house in Paris is posted a police-Lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no less than thirty different accounts concerning me, the next morning on the Duke de G——’s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B——,

I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings searched, all my papers seized, and a *lettre de* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

ARK and intricate are the ways of Providence!—

Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress, to wait upon the Count!

What an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I take into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his

! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B—— met me with the greatest politeness; and told me as a secret, that the Duke de

—I had highly applauded my conceit. “He is to be here.”—Scarce had he uttered these words,

when the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address, which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with unusual frankness. They were out of the common; but I thought he was intitled to an explication.

About a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned to the Count; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister’s countenance, to which it had been estranged before. The company increased, when conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

to get into the coach, and we drove round several when he informed me of all that had happened.

“ Good G—d ! is this possible !——when I did
“ very day with the Duke de C——l, and have
“ him half an hour !——Ah ! the mystery is explained
“ ——it is certain that an honest man could
“ guilty of such dissimulation ;——and I will lie in
“ in my old lodgings.”

“ *Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*”

“ What have I to fear ? I trust in the justice
“ the uprightness of my intentions.”

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, having alighted, I found all my papers sent back, with a short note from the Count.

“ *Vous avez des ennemis ; mais n'ayez pas peur. Je vous
“ voit que vous êtes un bonnette homme.*”

“ You have enemies ; but be not afraid ;——I have perceived that you are an honest man.”

from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquets, the elysium of *petits-maitres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no sooner got into my post-chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.

“They order this matter better in France.”

This assertion produced my voyage. I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorised to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader’s curiosity hath, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards: and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, “They order this matter better in France.”

“HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS NEVER WERE ADOPTED.”

So far I was right: so far I have compassed the design for my voyage.

But, whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, notwithstanding my thorough knowledge, at present, in the

the precise meaning of these two expressions in the French dialect, I shall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over these observations and reflections, we (that is, the two horses first, the postillion and myself, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince of Conde.

This *chateau* is considered by connoisseurs in architecture to be one of the most perfect structures of the kind. The apartments are sumptuous, and can be surpassed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily disposed. Upon the whole, this is one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this seat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it; a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expence it occasioned me.

AMIENS.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very important happen then," the reader will probably perceive.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the house?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"Non."

"Any woodcocks?"

"Non."

"Any ducks?"

"Non."

"Any pullets?"

"Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres à manger."

"No, Sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man who is riding post."

"Any fish?"

"*Point de tout aujourd'hui.*"

"None to-day."

"What the p—x then does every thing consist of?"

"*Des côtelets de mouton à la Maintenon.*"

"Mutton chops with Maintenon sauce."

"In the name of Famine, let's have them, good Mr. Boniface."

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons; first, he did not understand English; and, secondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcass could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricassée of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving: but if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a sirloin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his disappointment.

appointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, to when he was ready to embark at Marseilles!

My disappointment was still greater; for, tho' reduced all my pretensions to eating to a couple of mutton chops, after having my imagination raised to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, which my landlord had built all his foundation for eating, was vanished.

“*Que diable, ou est le mouton ?*”

“What the d——l is become of the mutton?”

Et pest f—ire ou est le mouton ?”

[Untranslatable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the larder was searched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length, when I was upon the point of resigning my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hôte* had the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, except a half: he had already gnawed one half; but there remained a sufficient quantity for my *coute-Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, provided the poor animal might escape the punishment which he was so severely threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller and a disappointed friend never think the horses drive fast enough.

try expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Crac—crac—crac.

And the horses were ready——But halt! I've not need.

Thank Heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

“Depend upon it, Mr Yorick, the wittings will pronounce you have been napping ever since you left Paris.”

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not snarl so loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without crossing the sea! How many of my countrymen! What charms can this place have so peculiarly superior to all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host, who was an Irishman—“Its vicinity to England.”

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents!—The streets warm with them.

“Do they pay well?”

“At first.”

“And can you afford to give them credit afterwards?”

“No; but there are so many fresh recruits who are fleeced by their countrymen, as soon as they come over, that we can venture to trust them in a dearth of bankruptcies.”

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable! Or more likely——

*The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the last drops of vital blood
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.*

Clofe

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monsieur Dessen, you told me
——but I forgive you.

“ *En bonneur, Monsieur, je refusois deux b
le meme jour.*”

Modest ! for an innkeeper.

“ When does the packet sail for England

“ *Ce soir, Monsieur.*”

“ Then take me a place, and let me ha
of bottles of your best Burgundy.”

Adieu ! oh France !——but, alas ! alas !
calls fresh to mind every circumstance that—
Heigh ! ho !

I can't explain.

Love, Love, these are thy victories ! the
phies !

THE SEA.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespear for a poetical description of it.

"Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another gentleman as cheap as in the stage."

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.—Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

SIR, a shilling a mile, a very bad road—nobody can afford to run a chaise for less, and we get nothing by it then."

"Why this is a most arrant imposition.—Mr What's-his-name has deceived me—and if there be any redress in law, I'll have it."

"So will I," said my fellow-traveller.—He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was disposed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilst he ushered imaginary courage to his aid, he continued talking of the politeness of two travellers submitting to a single highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my
U par

purse were but very trifling; and that if I could London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself.

"A man, continued I, who risks his life, his peace of mind, and perhaps the existence of his wife and family, upon such a business, though illegal, deserves at least the compassion of those who can afford to spare a trifle.

"*'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe."*

"You surprise me, Sir, to plead so strongly in behalf of a highwayman.—An Old Bailey Counsel would be ashamed to go such lengths——"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his defence in form; and fear, enforced by the sight of a pistol, overruled what pity or compassion would never have prevailed:—he gave up with a tremulous hand a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when he might have preserved the far greater part, by a more judicious and benevolent advance.

"You are no Sentimental Traveller, Sir, I see."

"No,—(in a faltering voice) I never was so terrified in my life."

"More so, I imagine, than he who ventured upon so many chances, the Law, our Contention, our Conscience."

He sighed.—

I pitied and despised him, and we conversed no more till we reached the metropolis.

L O N D O N.

MAN.

WHAT a strange machine is man, framed with such nice mechanism by Nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion! Now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat—now cold shivers every fibre. Where's the just medium? Tell me, philosopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My spirits fail—my head swims.

To rest—to rest.

I cannot sleep—a book may perhaps amuse. Can it divert at this sad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's meditations, I fell into a slumber, and by degrees a dream so strongly operated, that I thought I was no longer in a state of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my Soul and Body; which, as it made a very strong impression on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND
MY BODY.

BODY.

NO!—never—never—will I submit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for such a succession of years? After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws, shall I submit to thine, which forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall

U 2

never

never be ; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to that at the end of my career, I adopt thy visionary rules of conduct. How !——acknowledge, tamely knowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to laws, who, from thine infancy, gavest up all pretence to the enforcing of them ! Ungrateful wretch ! after hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, wouldst at present testify thy acknowledgments, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to rescue thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that being, in which thou hast been lodged so many years to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and in a word chastise me in every sensible part ? No—I will oppose thee with all my strength and I will pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy.—ah ! my soul appears—and I must listen, even against my will.

SOUL.

Thou wretched mass ! bag of earth ! past worms ! itinerant sink ! horrid carcase ! the abode of serpents, and the retreat of toads ! darest thou to disobey the laws which I dictate to thee, for the short time we shall now remain together, after having, by thy complaisance, allowed thee, for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires could crave ? Art thou ungrateful, or most criminal ? Thou now refusest me my tears, after having afforded thee, for such series of innumerable delights. But, alas ! vain and imaginary all terrestrial felicity ! Canst thou deny a few sighs

repentance, so short as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt! thou, by thy disobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore no longer oppose my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to submit with patience, as thou canst not, from thy nature, do it with pleasure, to the keenest anguish of this life. By thy present tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul stains of thy past actions.—Thy present humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the rising generation?—What recompence canst thou offer?—Not thy religious discourses: they are but a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

AWAKE.

HERE a noise in the street awoke me; and I was glad to find this was only a vision: it however operated so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my present weakness, I was scarce able to support the remembrance of it.

I saw, but too clearly saw, the justness of the reasoning of my Soul, even in sleep. What a wretch am I!—how have I misapplied those talents that Nature destined for superior uses!—Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earnest seizes me so violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can scarce hear me cry across the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

HE's gone! for ever gone!*

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite jest! of most excellent fancy!—Where be your gibes now! —Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?—not one now—quite chop fallen!

Alas! alas! alas! poor Yorick.

This, with the spontaneous flood of friendship, your Eugenius signs.

* Mr Sterne died in March 1768, soon after the publication of the two volumes of his *Sentimental Journey*.

T I N I S.

